

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

FOR ALL THE FAMILY

THE BEST OF
AMERICAN LIFE
IN FICTION FACT
AND COMMENT

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Chapter Three

Ralph learns to set
a pane of glass

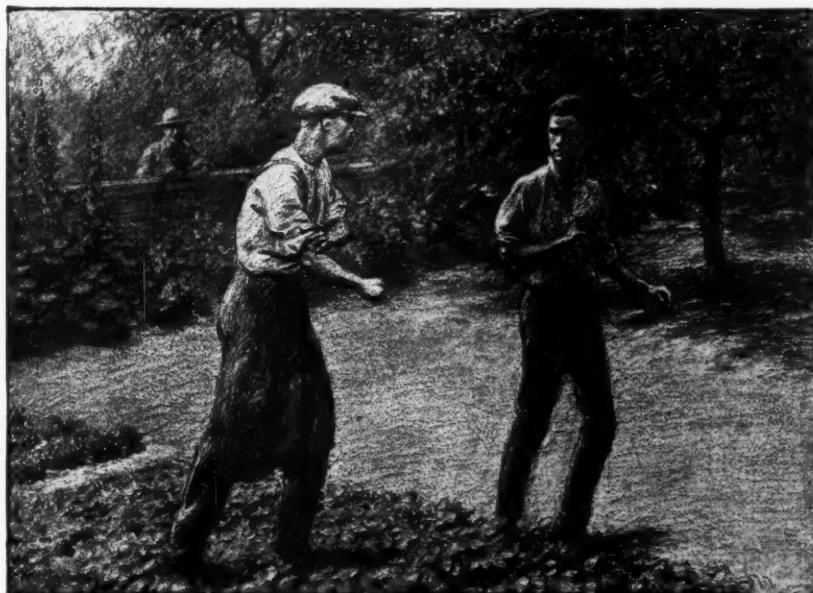
In the days that followed, Ralph never ceased to resent his subordination to the cook. He treated her with cold dignity, but tried to anticipate her commands in order that he might not have to endure them. She seemed, however, to take a malicious pleasure, and to have a singular ingenuity, in finding tasks for him that he could not anticipate and that he dared not refuse to perform; and her manner of issuing orders continued as offensive as it had been on the first day. She would appear behind the garage to scream at him in tones audible to people in the street, "Ralph, ain't you picked them beans yet?" or, "Ralph, you better get out of the strawberry patch and bring me them carrots I asked for."

It seemed to Ralph that she must wait and watch for the occasions when, spent with weariness and hunger, he ventured for brief intervals into the strawberry patch to refresh himself. Otherwise it was astonishing how often she discovered him in that compromising situation.

Of course Phil was always within earshot, and in no long time Ralph made the mortifying discovery that all his friends were happily aware of the indignities that were daily put upon him. Fellows meeting him on the street would bawl out, "Ralph, ain't you picked them beans yet?" Most unendurable was it to have the expression and the origin of it come to his sister's ears and to have her adopt it as a household phrase to be vented whenever he happened to be behind-hand with anything. And no day passed that he did not compare the harshness of his fate with the indulgence that his friend Phil enjoyed.

The second day after Ralph had brought in all the vegetables that had been demanded and had embarked upon work among the strawberries, feeling that it was the most favorable time for that occupation, he was annoyed to receive another shrill summons from the cook. She stood behind the garage and screamed:

"Ralph, Mrs. Woodbury wants you." Ralph had not yet seen Mrs. Woodbury; he approached the house with interest. Mrs. Woodbury, accompanied



Sneed came out of the strawberry patch quickly

RALPH ILLINSON

By Arthur Stanwood Pier

by Tommy, met him near the kitchen door. She was an attractive-looking young woman, and she greeted him pleasantly.

"Very likely you can't help us at all, Ralph, but I thought I'd ask. Tommy's been a naughty boy and broken this window with a stick."

"I didn't mean to do it, mother,"

Tommy interjected.

"Perhaps not, but I had warned you not to hit the windows, and you went on doing it. I wondered if you might know how to set a pane of glass, Ralph? There's some glass in the tool shed, if you know how."

Ralph shook his head. "I'm sorry; I don't," he answered.

Tommy, who had been watching him closely, came out with the fateful utterance, "He's not onto his job, is he, mother? He's not onto his job."

"Tommy, be still. It's all right, Ralph; there's no reason why you should know how to set a pane of glass." She seemed anxious to heal any soreness that Tommy's speech might have caused, for she added,

"You mustn't let this boy bother you. He likes to be in everything that goes on."

"Oh, I don't mind," Ralph answered. "He doesn't bother me, playing round."

"I help you," said Tommy indignantly.

"Sure you do," agreed Ralph.

"Mr. Woodbury told me that you have a brother in France. I hope you have good news of him."

"Yes," Ralph said. "We don't know whether he's been in any fighting yet or not. I'm afraid his regiment is getting it now."



Mrs. Woodbury looked at Ralph sympathetically. "You and your family must of course feel anxious all the time. I do hope that you'll get nothing but good news. Is your brother much older than you?"

"Four years," said Ralph. "He's done mighty well. He's been made a sergeant since he's been over there. I tell you, Mrs. Woodbury, I think a fellow's lucky to be twenty-one these days instead of seventeen."

"Perhaps," said Mrs. Woodbury. "But sometimes I think the only really lucky people nowadays are those like Tommy here who are too young to understand about the war."

"I do understand!" cried Tommy indignantly. "I do understand about the war!"

"Yes, of course you do," agreed his mother. "It must have been baby sister that I was thinking of, and not you at all. Have you shown baby sister to Ralph yet, Tommy?"

"No," said Tommy. "He doesn't want to see baby."

"Sure I do," said Ralph.

"She's right round here on the porch, and I think she hasn't gone to sleep yet. She's very shy with strangers, so she'll probably cry when she sees you."

Ralph followed Mrs. Woodbury to the porch and found seated on a mattress within a pen a light-haired, blue-eyed baby of a year and a half playing with a Teddy bear. She fixed her gaze upon Ralph and regarded him for a moment with evident curiosity; then suddenly her little face broke into a

smile and with both hands she pushed her Teddy bear out to him.

"I never saw her do that to a stranger before!" exclaimed her mother. "She certainly likes you, Ralph."

Ralph was both pleased and embarrassed. He held the Teddy bear a moment, not knowing what to do with it; the question was solved for him when the baby reached out her arms for it. He placed it in her hands, and she repaid him with another beaming smile.

"There's no doubt about it, Ralph; you must have a way with you," commented Mrs. Woodbury; and Ralph grinned and felt rather set

up and pleased with himself. Mrs. Woodbury had treated him as if he were a friend, not as if he were just a hireling; he didn't mind working for people who treated him like that. She had more sense than her husband, that was one thing sure.

When he went home that afternoon he asked his father if he knew how to set a pane of glass.

"Of course I do," said Mr. Illinson.

"I wish you'd show me," said Ralph.

The family looked at him with amazement.

"What's got into you?" asked Stella. "That's the first time I ever knew you to ask anybody to show you how to do anything practical."

"I guess I can want to find out things without your wanting to know why, can't I?" answered Ralph. "But if you must know, the Woodbury kid busted a window in his house, and his mother asked me if I could fix it. I sort of hated to say I couldn't."

"That's the spirit I like to see!" exclaimed his father. "Ralph, I believe you're developing. Now I'll show you on this window." He took Ralph over to a window in the sitting room and described the operation in full detail.

Ralph listened attentively. "Is that all there is to it? I ought to be able to do that. Is a pane of glass very expensive?"

He looked at his watch; a moment later he was speeding on his bicycle down the street.

His family were sitting down to supper when he returned.

"What seized you, Ralphie dear? Had you forgotten to pick them beans?" asked Stella.

"Say, Stell," answered Ralph grimly,



"if you keep on being so funny as all that, some day I'll die laughing."

"Do remember, Stella, that Ralph is pretty tired at the end of a hard day's work," urged Mrs. Illinson. "Don't always be teasing him. Sometimes I don't see how you children can have the heart to—to talk to each other as you do—with Stuart"—she hesitated, and her eyes filled—"in France."

There was a momentary silence. Then Stella said in a low voice, "I'm sorry, mother," and then, feeling perhaps that that was not enough, she rose and, leaning over her mother, kissed her.

Ralph relieved the tension by remarking, "If you were really sorry, Stell, you'd be saying and doing that to me and not to mother," whereupon Stella came and, clasping him about the neck, kissed him profusely to his great annoyance. Then the meal proceeded cheerfully enough and without bickering. After supper Mr. Illinson read aloud from a magazine while his wife and daughter knitted and Ralph lounged on a sofa. Presently Ralph left the room; the family heard him go outdoors.

Mr. Illinson stopped his reading to remark irritably, "What's that boy up to now?" and then without attempting to find out resumed the reading. In a few moments Ralph returned as unobtrusively as he had departed and tiptoed round behind Stella, who sat with her back to the window. Then suddenly just behind her there was a great crash of breaking glass.

She gave a jump and a shriek. "Mercy!" cried Mrs. Illinson, starting from her chair.

"What in time!" exclaimed Mr. Illinson in amazement and anger. "Who smashed that window?"

"I did," said Ralph. "I heaved a rock through it. I want to see if I can mend it."

His father was speechless; not so Stella. "You idiot child! You deserve—I don't know what you deserve! To shatter a person's nerves like that, to say nothing of the window!"

"Well, the only way to learn to do a thing is to do it," said Ralph. "There wasn't a broken window in the house, and I wanted to mend one before I'd forgotten how. And I went down before supper and got a pane of glass the right size and some putty and paid for them myself, so I don't see that anybody has any kick coming."

"I wish you would learn to express yourself without constantly dropping into slang," said his father irritably. "It certainly is a fine, practical sense that you show! If you needed a window to practice on, why didn't

Mr. Illinson. "It might do for a cellar window; it won't do for the sitting room."

"You wait till I get it cleaned up," replied Ralph. "I guess it will look all right then. Anyway I've shown I can set a pane of glass. And if you'll buy a glass cutter, like what they have at the hardware store, and keep some glass always in the house, you'll never need to pay glaziers' bills now, no matter how many windows get broken."

"If Ralph gets the idea into his head that he's the handy man round the house," said Stella, "it will be an awful life for the rest of us."

"Don't discourage the boy," begged Mrs. Illinson. "If he's trying to learn to do practical things, let's help him, not laugh at him." She rose and, going to Ralph, put her arm round him and patted his cheek with her hand. "After all, he's only a boy, and he's doing the best he can."

Ralph wriggled and writhed; his affections were touched, but so was his pride. He liked to have his mother pet him, but he didn't like to be petted as a little boy.

The next morning after Mr. Woodbury had left the house Ralph asked the second maid, whose demeanor toward him was now less frigid than it had been at first, whether he might speak to Mrs. Woodbury. The second maid departed, and in a few moments Mrs. Woodbury appeared.

"I've learned how to set a pane of glass," Ralph said to her. "I decided it was a thing I ought to know how to do, and I learned last night. So if you haven't had the window fixed yet I'd like to do it for you."

Mrs. Woodbury seemed pleased. "No, it's not been fixed. You'll find the glass and the glass cutter in the tool house; do you know how to use it?"

"Yes," Ralph answered. "I learned that too last night."

"There's a foot rule there on the bench too," continued Mrs. Woodbury. "And putty—I think you'll find it on the shelf above the bench."

Ralph worked slowly and carefully—very slowly and carefully; it took him nearly all the morning to accomplish the job to his satisfaction. He had to stop in order to get vegetables for the cook; by the time he had the pane in and the putty neatly smoothed down, and the glass washed, both inside and out, it was eleven o'clock.

"You're mortal slow," said the cook.

Ralph turned from her with his customary expression of disdain. After he had gone out she said to Nelly, "I will say I didn't suppose he had gumption enough to do the job at all."

When Ralph went back to the garden he walked round for a few moments trying to decide what part of it he had better begin to work on. He knew that he had only an hour before lunch time, and he wished to make sure of undertaking a piece of work that he could finish in that limited time. He was debating whether he should try to hoe a row of corn or of potatoes when a four-horse team drew up on the road just beyond the garden, and the driver descended from the seat. The next moment Ralph was dismayed and disgusted to see Jim Sneed clamber over the fence and come toward him.

The unwelcome visitor tramped ruthlessly over rows of young plants. He stooped, plucked up a young onion, and advanced chewing it.

"Hey, Ralph, how much do you get paid for doing this kind of work?" he demanded.

Ralph wanted to say, "None of your business," but experience had taught him that it was wise to be civil to Jim.

"Twelve a week," he replied.

"Huh! Not so bad for a half-grown kid like you," Sneed cast his eyes about the garden; his glance rested appreciatively on the strawberry patch. He moved quickly thither and squatting among the plants began to stuff berries into his mouth with an extraordinary rapidity and gluttony.

"Hey, quit that!" cried Ralph.

"Say, you don't begrudge me a few of these strawberries, do you?" said Sneed, gobbling away. "I guess you'd eat them if I didn't. I'm just eating your share."

"Go on, you big stiff! Get out of there!" fumed Ralph. "Get back to your beef kegs."

"Why don't you go to work?" retorted Sneed. "I don't see as you're working much. There's a lot of weeds in this bed that ought to come out." He pulled up a big one and flung it suddenly into Ralph's face and then without loss of time resumed his feeding.

"I'll go and get the dog and set him on you," Ralph started toward the house.

"You can't bluff me," said Sneed. "I know this place; they don't keep a dog."

He moved about among the plants, squatting and searching for the big berries with his big hands.

Ralph glanced across into the adjoining place. Help seemed to be on the way. Phil Allen, lured by the sound of angry voices, was running toward the wall.

"Hey, Phil, come and help me put this big stiff out of here!" called Ralph.

But Phil seemed to see only humor in the situation; he did not appear to be animated by any motive of helpfulness. He only stood and laughed.

"Ralph here is kind of a stingy fellow," said Sneed. "He stuffs himself with strawberries every day and then gets mad when a friend comes in and wants a few. Say, Ralph, you can come round to the brewery any time, and I'll give you all the beer you can drink. I ain't mean."

"Yes, you look as if you just about lived on beer, you slob!" exclaimed Ralph.

"What's that you called me?" Sneed came out of the strawberry patch quickly, and Ralph ran for the garage. Sneed did not pursue him; he plucked up a quantity of beets and onions and, carrying them in his arms, returned to his wagon, mounted to his seat and drove off.

Ralph came back and began to upbraid his friend.

"That's a hot way to act, that is! Why didn't you come over and help me? Instead of standing by and seeing the big brute make off with his plunder!"

"I have troubles of my own," said Phil. "If you'd stood up to him instead of running away, I wouldn't have let him beat you up—at least not too much."

"Well, I think that's no way at all for a fellow to act," said Ralph resentfully; he signified still further his disapproval by taking up his hoe and going to work.

TO BE CONTINUED.

DRAWINGS BY RODNEY THOMSON

A CHANGE OF DIET



By Edwin Cole

we can get a day off I can borrow Saterlee's shotgun and have a meal of ducks."

Trooper Brooks smacked his lips soulfully. "Duck broiled over the camp fire! Am I dreaming, Jim?"

"I can tell better after I see the captain and Saterlee," answered Houghton.

A few days later Saterlee himself walked into camp, and when Houghton tactfully approached him on the subject of ducks he said, "Sure; glad to have you come out and try your luck." And when on the strength of that invitation Houghton, through the proper channel, to wit, the first sergeant, had said that he and Brooks had been invited to spend a day at Saterlee's ranch the captain readily granted them permission to go. So one morning after roll call Houghton and Brooks mounted and set forth for Saterlee's and the artificial pond that he had made for watering his stock.

Saterlee's ranch buildings squatted near the base of the painted mountains at the upper end of the little valley where the troop had made a permanent camp. There where the valley narrowed he had thrown a dam across the creek and had flooded a hundred acres or more of flats. Nature had not been long in taking advantage of the work of man. Willows had sprung up round the pond, and water grasses had taken root in its shallow bottom. Thickets of mesquite topped the ridges round it.

Leaving their horses in a ranch corral and getting a long-barreled pump gun from the friendly cowman, the two troopers made their way down to the pond. They found plenty of cover to conceal themselves in from the sharp-eyed waterfowl that even at that time of day flew back and forth across the pond, lighting well out toward the centre. Even in that far-away country the duck had not lost its habitual caution, and the shots the two men got were far apart and difficult. Morning wore on into afternoon, and the duck roast was as far away as ever.

"Might try our luck at blue quail," suggested Brooks disconsolately. "The ducks won't fly much until long toward sunset."

Houghton agreed that hunting quail would be more fun than sweltering in the half shade of the willows, waiting for wild fowl that never came quite within gunshot. So the two climbed the ridge south of the pond and picked their way through a grove of mesquite that stretched to the foot of the mountains. It was not long before they came upon a flock of the blue quail, but the pretty birds would not flush; they scurried on ahead, separating to find cover in the thickets of the mesquite. It was not the troopers' idea of sport to shoot birds on the ground, but when they had driven a brace to the edge of the grove, and there was no more cover, the quail rose and presented a fine shot to Houghton, who brought them down neatly with a right and a left.

That put the two men in better humor.

DRAWINGS BY
EMLEN MCCONNELL



you break a cellar window, or even a kitchen window? Why choose the sitting room?"

"Because you made the measurements yourself, so I knew they'd be right," said Ralph ingratiatingly.

"That may all be," grumbled Mr. Illinson. "But if you don't do a thoroughly professional job and I have to get a glazier up here to make the window presentable, you'll have to pay the bill."

"With you to look on and help me with suggestions," said Ralph, "I don't see how I can fail to do a professional job."

"In some ways you're smart enough," said his father. "But I doubt if it's a smartness that will ever do you much good."

Ralph got the splintered glass out of the sash, produced his new pane and his putty and under the interested eyes of his family went to work. With some coaching but no manual assistance from his father he finally got the glass into place. He stood off and surveyed his work with pride, despite the fact that there was putty all over the window and the job was not what anyone would call neat.

"I rather think you'll have to break it again and stand the glazier's bill," observed

The prunes pits that he referred to were in fact beans, but the two were enough alike in appearance and, alas! in substance to suggest the comparison without too great a demand on the imagination.

"The captain's going to have a Mexican over to make us a 'dobe oven anyway,'" argued Connerton, who had lately been on kitchen detail and so had acquired some of the cook's gossip. "If we get homemade bread, that will be something."

"The officers had a brace of duck for dinner," Cook, the captain's orderly, said sadly.

"Ducks!" was the general exclamation.

"Saterlee brought them over from the ranch pond," Cook explained. "They settle in there every night on the way to the Gulf, he says. He got 'em with a shotgun."

Houghton made no comment, but his brain was active. He was on friendly terms with Saterlee, a rancher whose place was some three miles from camp.

After evening mess when Houghton and his side partner Brooks were on guard duty on the picket line Houghton told his reflections.

"We haven't had a pass for a month, Joe," he said. "While the other fellows have been running up to Tucson and spending their hard-earned coin we've been sticking round holding our jobs down. Now I figure that if

"I'm hungry enough to eat them right now," said Brooks, examining the birds, which were fine and plump.

"They ought to cool off a bit before we cook them," answered Houghton doubtfully. "But I don't know how they can cool in this temperature!" The semitropical sun was beating fiercely down on the desert, and the men were wringing wet with perspiration.

"There's a cañon cutting into the mountain up there," said Brooks, pointing to the south. "We rode through it one day on patrol. There's a fine spring in the shade of a high wall. Let's go up and get a drink, and by that time the body heat will be out of the birds."

Houghton agreed, and the two set out across the rising slope to the cañon. But it was farther away than it appeared to be, farther away too than it would have been had they been mounted. "Been better if we'd gone back to the ranch and got our horses," grumbled Houghton.

But they finally reached the sheltering walls of the cañon, and after a walk that seemed equally long they came upon the spring. It was brimming over with cool water out of the heart of the mountain, and the hot and tired troopers flung themselves gratefully beside it and drank their fill.

Then their appetites asserted themselves. They had brought ham sandwiches from camp, but they were in no mood for sandwiches. Brooks gathered dry branches of the mesquite and started a fire. Then while Houghton skinned and dressed the birds he whittled forks to spit them on. Soon they had the two quail broiling over the flames.

The fowls were done to a turn and Houghton had bent over to take them off the spits when the rattle of stones in the bed of the cañon caused both troopers to look up. Not a hundred feet away a picturesque band of horsemen had rounded a sharp turn in the cañon trail and had halted to watch the culinary preparations of the two soldiers. There were half a dozen of them in sight, and as Brooks and Houghton watched with surprise and dismay as many more crowded up from the rear.

Houghton cast a glance behind him in the direction of the gun; it stood against the cañon wall out of reach of both men. But had it been in Houghton's hand the situation would not have improved, for each of the riders carried a repeating rifle across his saddle and the leader of the band was clearing his for action. He swung the muzzle round so that it covered the two men. "Han's oop," he commanded in true Western style, and the two troopers put up their hands; Houghton dropped one of the quail to obey.

Then the leader shot a string of Spanish pats at his men. Three of them dismounted; one took possession of the shotgun, and the two others "frisked" the soldiers for other weapons.

But they had no other weapon than the shotgun and only a few remaining shotgun cartridges; to the amusement of their fellows the searchers turned their attention to the broiled quail. They seized and began to devour them in spite of the fact that they had just come off the fire, and they made noises of enjoyment that caused their fellows to laugh as if it were all a great joke. Houghton and Brooks gritted their teeth.

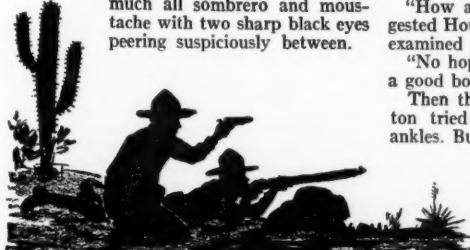
"Where you' troop?" the leader demanded of Houghton.

The trooper shrugged his shoulders in true Mexican fashion.

"Nev' mind, we find out," retorted the leader. He spoke again to his men, and two dashed off down the cañon in the direction whence the soldiers had come.

"Yo on hunt?" pursued the leader. To

Houghton he seemed pretty much all sombrero and mustache with two sharp black eyes peering suspiciously between.



"You wait. We come back." The leader grimaced evilly

"You said it," answered Houghton shortly. "Me hunt too," replied the Mexican, grinning, and again his fellows laughed.

Then the two riders came back. Their report was satisfactory, for the leader gave a string of commands in Spanish. Two of the bandits removed the *reatas* from their saddles and advanced on the Americans. They did a thorough job. They bound the troopers' arms behind their backs and knotted a bight of the *reata* round their ankles. Then they threw the soldiers down on the sand beside the spring, and all the bandits mounted.

"You wait. We come back." The leader grimaced evilly and put spurs to his horse, and his men followed him.

"Well, of all the luck!" exclaimed Houghton, once the bandits had disappeared round the turn.

"And they wouldn't even leave us the birds," said Brooks in disgust. "What do you suppose they're up to?"

"Cattle rustling probably," said Houghton. "Not enough of them to make a big raid."

"Well, this is better than being shot up anyway," Brooks reflected optimistically.

"Yes, but we haven't seen the last of them; shooting up may come later," retorted his companion gloomily. He squirmed to a sitting posture and examined the knot that held his feet. "They did a good job with that *reata*," he grumbled. "It looks as if he had tied a granny knot at that," he added more hopefully.

"Let's have a look at it," suggested Brooks. The two men edged toward each other. "I guess you're right," said Brooks after an examination. "Let me try my teeth on it." The way their hands were tied they couldn't use their fingers.

Brooks knelt and, after losing his balance at the first attempt, succeeded in reaching the knot with his teeth. But he soon gave up trying to untie it.

"It's all right for a story, but I guess it doesn't work in practice," he muttered, puffing and out of breath. "It might be a good way to pull teeth!"

"How about the knot at my back?" suggested Houghton. He rolled over, and Brooks examined it.

"No hope there," he answered. "Looks like a good bowline."

Then they reversed positions, and Houghton tried to loosen the knot at Brooks's ankles. But it also was too tightly drawn.

The men lay back on the hot sand, discouraged.

"I suppose that we can hop along a bit," reflected Houghton, "but that won't help us much. We couldn't hop all the

the bandits had lost no time in rounding up Saterlee's outlying herds.

The cattle, scenting the water, came nosing up toward the spring, but they were wild and shied off at sight of the men. Then the prostrate troopers saw, not the whole troop, but a single Mexican urging the beasts on with a swinging *reata*. He shouldered the animals on by the spring and, dismounting beside the Americans, grinned in an ugly way at them. He was not much interested in them, it seemed; he wanted water.

He knelt to drink, and as his face was lowered Houghton gave him a powerful thrust of the foot that sent him headlong into the water. Both troopers were on their feet in an instant and pulled the fellow out; he was choking and bewildered. They took his revolver and cartridge belt and got his rifle from the saddle boot. Then they bound him with their own bonds.

"Now let's get out of here as fast as we can," said Houghton.

They set off down the cañon on the run. They had gone only a short distance when there came a far-away popping.

"What's that?" demanded Brooks.

"Sounds like rifle fire," answered Houghton.

Then shots sounded near at hand. They heard the clatter of hoofs on the rocky bed of the cañon, and the band of raiders burst into view round the bend in the cañon below.

"Better lie prone!" said Houghton steadily, throwing himself to the ground.

Afterwards the two men agreed that they had no clear picture of what immediately followed. The cañon at that place widened out to between fifty and a hundred feet. Night had dropped over it with the characteristic suddenness of the country. They pulled trigger at the blur of advancing horsemen, and after a moment their fire was answered and the riders came on. There were blinding flashes jabbing at them out of the gathering darkness, the sing of bullets ricochetting off rock, the shrill squeal of an injured horse and the more terrifying scream of an injured man. Then the band swept on and up the cañon.

"Are you hurt, Joe?" asked Houghton, getting to his feet.

"No. Are you, Jim?"

"Not a scratch," answered Houghton thankfully.

Then came the clatter of more hoofs up the cañon trail.

"Down again!" commanded Houghton. "There's another lot coming."

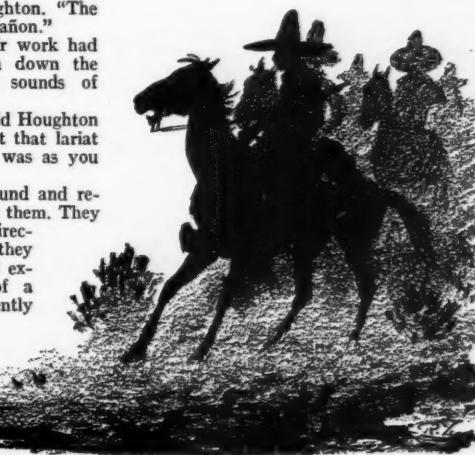
Then suddenly he half rose. "Halt! Who's there!" he bellowed at the top of his voice. The shout rang through the cañon walls like a trumpet.

"Ray! It's Houghton!" came back the cry after a moment.

"Advance to be recognized!" shouted Houghton joyfully.

But the troop had not waited. They came clattering up to the two hunters. The "old man" was at the head, and the "top," who had recognized Houghton's voice, was on one side of him; Saterlee was on the other.

It may be well to add that the hunters did not lose their game dinner, for when they sat down the following evening to the



They pulled trigger at the blur of advancing horsemen

customary plate of pork and beans one of the kitchen detail amid the envious groans of their fellow troopers appeared with two side

dishes. On each one of them reposed a roast duck with all the "fixin's."

"Compliments of Saterlee," said the waiter.

MORE THAN RAIMENT

By Ida J. Burgess



MRS. GOODWIN stroked the soft depths of the fur coat that with the craftsmanship of his trade the salesman had dropped into her lap. Her work-worn fingers thrilled to the touch, and, looking up, she fancied that she caught a gleam of sympathetic understanding in the man's eyes. But Elaine, trim and smart in her new fall suit, viewed the transaction with a coolly critical air. "Shawl collars are out," she said decidedly; "everything this year is in the chin-chin style."

Shawl collars! Chin-chin style, whatever that might be! Mrs. Goodwin gazed wonderingly at her daughter. How in the act of acquiring the first fur coat in the history of their immediate family could she be concerned with mere fashion! Mrs. Goodwin herself was simple and old-fashioned enough to believe that a fur coat, like her grandmother's best black silk dress, was a thing apart from style.

"A collar of this type is standard," said the salesman, addressing himself to the mother. "Others come and go, but these are always in good taste. Have you not found that to be true, madam?"

"Why—why, I think so," Mrs. Goodwin was embarrassed. She fancied that the man knew that never before in her life had she approached a fur coat with any idea of buying it. Could he guess that this occasion, commonplace as it probably was for him, marked for her the achievement of months of economy? She realized that for her daughter the momentous affair was merely one more thrilling incident in the process of entering college.

Elaine now laughed outright. "You see, this is to be my coat, not my mother's," she said, "and I happen to know what I want."

The salesman bowed to the superior power. "I'll be glad to show you others of course," he replied promptly. "I was merely rather impressed with the quality of these skins. Now I can show you this—"

An hour later Elaine's choice had narrowed down to two garments that came within the limit of her mother's savings. By that time the girl was tired and warm. "I'm not going to decide now," she said crossly; "it's too hot. I'll come in Monday and select one of these two. Come, mother," and she led the way to the door.

A late September sun shone like molten gold through the maples that lined the streets of the university town. It was almost as warm as midsummer; nevertheless, they met girl after girl swinging along heroically nonchalant in coats made of every kind of skin known to the fur trade. That year in Monroe you knew that the university term had opened by the appearance of hundreds of freshman girls in fur coats. So much indeed did they dominate the scene that sensible older women found themselves hesitating to appear in summer garb, no matter how warm the day was.

There was a reason behind the fur coats, a student reason. Elaine reiterated it to her mother as they walked along: "You can see for yourself, mother, that a freshman simply isn't in it unless she has a fur coat. Perhaps it was different other years, but now if a girl is going to make any sort of impression she's just got to have a fur coat. You can't believe how important it is! Why, none of the sororities will take a girl who hasn't one!"

"Nonsense," said Mrs. Goodwin. "I won't believe such silly things. How could they tell beforehand? The invitations are already out."

"The invitations, mother, not the bids," her daughter corrected her. "You can keep on getting invitations to teas and that sort of thing up to the last minute. That's why these girls are melting away in fur coats, trying to make an impression. Of course they're uncomfortable, and they're all praying for frost, but how else are they going to let people know they have them?"

"Poor souls," murmured Mrs. Goodwin.

They had reached the little white house to which Professor Goodwin had brought his bride on just such a September day twenty

years before. Then the neighborhood had been noted for a charming, if simple, hospitality; now it was a neighborhood of rooming houses and cafeterias. Sentiment held Mrs. Goodwin to the place after her husband's death ten years before—sentiment and the necessity of adding to a slender

was conceded, be beautiful, clever and rich and still not be "bid." You might be quite the opposite, and half a dozen chapters would struggle to win your favor. From some unknown source word had spread that this year the open sesame was owning a new fur coat at the right moment. As a direct consequence hundreds of girls were serenely sweltering in garments adapted to arctic temperature.

"Rushing" began with an afternoon of teas at all the sorority houses. Those served to cull the desirables, who were then asked to more intimate functions for closer inspection. Then came the formal dinners, to be invited to which was taken as a fair indication that you had been looked upon with favor, though sometimes, alas! that did not follow. And after all that the "bids" went out. No wonder freshmen gave much thought to their personal appearance!

On Monday when Elaine went back to make her final choice of a coat she found to her dismay that the two that she had hesitated between had been sold, and that there were in stock no others she at all wanted.

"They hadn't any right to do it," she stormed at her mother that night. "They say they'll have plenty after this busy season is

maid who knew nothing about cooking. So she got up and, washing her face in cold water, put on her coolest house dress. When she went to the kitchen she found the menu for the meal written out and hanging over the table,—chilled grapes, meat loaf, potatoes au gratin, tomato salad, iced tea and melons,—a well-planned meal for such a day. And everything was ready even to the grated cheese on top of the potatoes. How her mother must have worked! No wonder she hated the thought of furs!

"It's a treat to see you in that cool green dress, Miss Goodwin," said one of the young professors gratefully, "and to sit down to such food. Sorry your mother is knocked out, but it's been a fierce day. Ye gods! Those girls in fur coats!"

"Some one ought to examine them for their sanity," grumbled another man. "Where else than in a college town would you see such sights? If that's the result of higher education, give me the lowest!"

Elaine, on her way upstairs with a tray for her mother, laughed in spite of herself. Fur coats seemed to be "getting on everyone's nerves"!

Her mother, in a thin negligee dress, sitting in the breeze of an electric fan, looked up with an apologetic air. "Sorry I was cross, Elaine," she said. "But it's been a hard day, and I just couldn't stand any more about fur."

"Don't," cried Elaine; "I almost can't myself!"

There was plenty of excitement for Elaine in the days that followed. She made the rounds of the teas and later went to several picnics and luncheons. Then came the coveted invitations to the formal dinners, and of the three that arrived for her she chose that of Epsilon Delta, the most sought after of all the sororities. She knew she was setting her hopes high, putting all her eggs into one basket; but that was like Elaine.

The night of the formal dinner the weather changed. A chill wind blew off the lake, and while Elaine was putting on the exquisite chiffon frock, all delicate shades of lavender, pink and blue, that her mother's cunning fingers had copied faithfully from a French model, she heard it and shivered.

"It's really too bad your fur coat did not come," said her mother. "Now tonight it would have been useful. But never mind! You look lovely, and no one is going to notice your old coat. I wish I had a cape or an evening wrap, but—"

The "but" Elaine knew meant that long ago both cape and wrap had been made over to serve her high-school needs. It was, she decided, quite dreadful that she did not have the fur coat. Suppose the lack of it on such an occasion now that the weather was cool enough to excuse wearing it should

turn the scales of Epsilon Delta's favor against her! If only there were some way in which a girl might announce to a waiting world that she owned a fur coat, however prospective and delayed it might be! Still, her dress was sweet; she knew she had never looked better, and she was going to meet her choice of the nicest girls in the university.

"And there's this about it, mother mine," she said as she was leaving, "there isn't another girl in all the world with a mother like you. If the sororities only knew that, they'd all be wild to get me!"

Perhaps it was that feeling which made Elaine stand out as one of the loveliest of all the girls who sat round the long table in Epsilon Delta house that night. Perhaps too that was one of the reasons her name went through without a dissenting voice.

"She's a darling," remarked one of the seniors, "a real girl, sweet, natural, simple, clever and beautifully dressed."

"I don't know about the last," said a younger girl with a sophomoric air of wisdom; "her coat was rather shabby."

"Silly!" said the senior. "What earthly difference does a coat make when you're choosing a sorority sister?"

So Elaine "went" Epsilon Delta, and there were rejoicing and congratulation on each side. Then her mother and she were invited to have Sunday dinner at the sorority house.

"But I can't go," protested Mrs. Goodwin. "Who would see to dinner here?"

Elaine asked the boarders about it that night. "Mother and I have been invited to dinner at Epsilon Delta next Sunday," she said.

"Fine!" chorused the boarders, who had followed the "rushing" with interest.



"If the success of your college life depends on . . . a fur coat . . . then it isn't a life worth struggling for"

income by taking boarders. The house was convenient for young instructors who were glad to take their meals in a home of refinement, to sit at a table headed by a sweet-faced, low-voiced gentlewoman. Being men and young, they did not guess that Mrs. Goodwin did most of the work herself.

Being the kind of mother that she was, she had found time to become expert in the art of copying the newest thing in blouses, had mastered the art of the dye pot and had grown cunning in the matter of remnants and bargains. Consequently Elaine hiked in knickers, skinned in smart knitted tights, played tennis in crisp "middy" suits and went to teas in silks and serges. Elaine was sure to be appropriately dressed for the occasion. But so too was her mother—in gray chambrey for the kitchen, in a serge suit for market and in a fresh white blouse for dinner. Her life demanded nothing else.

A fur coat was unfortunately something that could not be evoked from the blue. It meant spending several hundred dollars, virtually all that she had in the last year managed to save. Not that she questioned the necessity of the garment; Elaine had made it perfectly clear that she needed it. You would not be asked to join a sorority unless you owned a fur coat, and unless you belonged to a sorority you might as well abandon the whole job of being educated!

The sorority system at Monroe was shrouded in mystery. You were either absorbed into it, whereupon you were gloriously elated, or you were not, whereupon you were cast into the depths of despair. But just why one or the other fate overtook you no one seemed to know. You might, it

over, but that doesn't help me," and she threw herself on her bed, crying with rage.

"But it is so warm that it would be absurd to wear one now, even if you had it," her mother said soothingly.

"You don't understand!" cried Elaine. "It isn't a question of whether it is hot or cold; it's whether you've got a fur coat or not. You don't know; you've never been rushed."

Mrs. Goodwin flushed. Then her mild blue eyes snapped. "Perhaps not—not in the way you mean," she said. "Get up this minute, Elaine Goodwin! There are more important things to do than to cry over the lack of a fur coat on such a day as this. You're going to have one; I've saved and worked for two years so that you could have what clothes you want. But if the success of your college life depends on whether you have a fur coat to wear when the mercury stands at eighty-five, then it isn't a life worth struggling for. You'd better give it up."

Elaine sat up, astonished. "Why—why, mother!" she gasped.

"I mean it," said Mrs. Goodwin. "I'm tired and warm and sick of hearing about fur coats and all they stand for in the minds of a lot of silly girls. You'll have to get dinner. I am going to take a bath and cool off."

Still more astonished, Elaine watched her mother go to her own room and close the door. It was almost unbearable warmth, and Elaine knew that her mother had made pickles and catchup all the morning, had got three rooms ready for the boarders who were to arrive the next day and that dinner must be served to the half dozen men who would be in shortly. Moreover, she knew that the only helper in the kitchen was a

"But she says she can't go because there'll be no one to see about your dinner here."

"Then we'll dine out," rejoined the young man who taught freshman English. "Everybody up who is going to dine out on Sunday. Up there, too, Mrs. Goodwin!" And Elaine's mother found herself pulled to her feet by two laughing men.

"Now that's settled," continued the speaker. "Have a good time on us. And speaking of good times, I'd like another hot biscuit."

"But," protested Mrs. Goodwin again when she and Elaine were alone, "I have nothing to wear."

"That," replied Elaine, "is all my fault. When the girls see my clothes they'll understand why! But you're a dear in anything, and we're going."

So they went. The boarders sent Mrs. Goodwin a corsage bouquet of Ward roses and baby's breath, and she pinned it to her coat, trusting that the keen eyes of her young hostesses would not see the shine of her elbows. But once she was there she forgot all about her appearance. After all, these formidable Greek-letter personages were nothing but nice, friendly girls who treated her with deference, clustered about her with pretty attentions and hung on her every word. They had a merry meal, and long after Mrs. Goodwin had thought it time for them to go they were permitted to leave only on Elaine's promise that she would bring her mother again. Outside the sharp lake wind whipped their skirts about them.

"Those are certainly nice girls, Elaine," said Mrs. Goodwin; "I'm glad you're one of them. And you certainly must see about your coat tomorrow. It's turning cold."

"Perhaps," said Elaine. "Say, mother, you certainly made a hit. I've forgotten my bag. Just wait a moment while I run back for it."

The door was still ajar, and Elaine slipped quietly in, hoping to recover her property and get away without being noticed. As she went toward the hall table a voice came clearly through the portières: "She's lovely—like all the mothers of the ages gathered into one person!"

The senior who had sat next to Mrs. Goodwin at dinner was speaking. "We're lucky to have pledged Elaine. She's like her mother, true and fine. Any other girl would probably have been wearing a fur coat while her mother had on that old blue suit. But Elaine is not that sort of girl."

Elaine tiptoed out of the house. "Not that sort of girl!" All the way home the words rang in her ears. So those were the things that counted with Epsilon Delta and perhaps with other sororities—real things, honest things, the things her mother had always exemplified. Why hadn't she understood before? Why, now that she knew, couldn't she make other girls see?

Elaine had an eight-o'clock class the next morning but before she went to it found time to speak to her mother alone. "May I have the money for my coat today? I'll be able to get it this afternoon."

"Just a minute, dear, until I can write a check." Mrs. Goodwin hurried away to return presently with the little slip of paper that stood for so much self-sacrifice. "Here it is, and it is such a pleasure to be able to give it to you!"

"You're wonderful, mother!" Elaine kissed her rapturously. "You're like all the mothers of the ages gathered into one person!"

"Why, Elaine!" Mrs. Goodwin was astonished; her daughter did not usually express herself so effusively. But Elaine had vanished, and with a little song in her heart Mrs. Goodwin went back to the kitchen.

That afternoon a delivery boy left two boxes at the Goodwin house. One was addressed to Mrs. John Goodwin, the other to Miss Elaine Goodwin. On top of the one bearing the mother's name was a note in Elaine's writing. It ran:

Dear mother. This is our fur coat—big enough and warm enough for both of us. I've decided I'd not wear a fur coat while you went about in that old blue suit. I hope I'm not going to be that sort of girl. Elaine.

Mrs. Goodwin opened the box and lifted out a soft, luxurious wrap with deep collar and cuffs of fur—a beautiful, comfortable garment, one plainly designed for middle age. What did it mean? She opened the other box; within lay a plain cloth coat. It was one of the smartest cut with irreproachable lines; it was not a cheap garment, not at all a thing that a "pledge" of Epsilon Delta would be ashamed to wear. But it was not the fur coat of Elaine's dreams!

She read the note again through a mist of happy tears: "This is our fur coat—big enough and warm enough for both of us."

STOPPING A SQUEALER

By Hugh F. Grinstead

(A drawing of a pig)

THE summer after his graduation from the university, where he had specialized in geology, Scott McCall spent a month prospecting the Kiamichi Mountains of eastern Oklahoma. He was in the employ of a company that hoped to find novaculite, or "Arkansas stone," and open up a quarry. Novaculite is a fine-grained siliceous rock from which whetstones and oilstones such as razor hones and the hones used by dentists, jewelers and engravers are made. The valuable stone had been found in Arkansas just across the state line, where the quarrying of it constituted an important industry.

After spending a few days examining the formation about one of the old quarries in the Hot Springs district, young McCall went to his new field. He left the railway at a little station near the state line and hired a half-breed Choctaw to haul him and his outfit over a mountain road to the head of Buck Creek, where he made camp. After assisting him to set up the tent, the Indian departed, promising to come back in four weeks.

McCall found himself in a rugged and sparsely settled region. Pine and cedar timber covered some of the peaks; long stretches of oak, hickory and walnut were growing on the slopes. The only evidence of civilization were bands of half-wild hogs of the razor-back type and an occasional lean cow. The nearest house was five miles from camp.

It was near the middle of July when McCall began prospecting, but in spite of the hot weather he went on long tramps every day, carrying in a knapsack over his shoulder a small aneroid barometer, a geologist's hammer and a clinometer for measuring the dip of a vein or the slope of a ledge.

At the end of three weeks he had explored nearly every stream bed, bluff and ridge within a radius of ten miles without having discovered any promising indications of the stone.

From a bee hunter he learned of a peculiar outcrop of white rock farther down one of the streams than he had prospected. Returning from a disappointing search in that direction late one afternoon, he came upon a dozen gaunt, sandy hogs rooting among the bunches of thin grass that grew in an open glade. There were an old sow and five or six half-grown pigs, an aged stag and several younger hogs; they were feeding on grassnuts, a small bulb that resembles wild onion. Some of the creatures bore in their ears the mark of their owner; some had not even that slight sign of domestication. When they caught sight of him they darted into the brush at the edge of the glade.

Three pigs rooting among the leaves of a fallen tree top had failed to hear the warning whoof of the old sow above the rustle of dead leaves and twigs. They did not see the strange creature walking slowly up behind, and when McCall stopped within a rod of them and slapped his hands together they squealed in terror and dashed away blindly. Two of the pigs tore across the open ground in the direction of the old hogs, but the third scuttled under the tangle of dead branches, through which it could see the open ground and safety beyond. Between two close-growing limbs the size of a man's arm the creature thrust its head. But it had miscalculated the size of the opening; halfway through it stopped and wriggled backward. As it came back it moved sidewise where the crack was narrower, and its head stuck fast!

Like pigs of every age and breed, it began to struggle and squeal lustily when it found that it could not free itself; then with usual porcine obstinacy it crowded its neck closer into the crotch instead of moving back a few inches in the opposite direction.

Hoping to release the struggling captive, McCall sprang forward and, dropping to his knee, reached into the tangle of small

branches. At that moment he heard an unusual noise and turned to see not only the old sow but the entire band bearing down upon him from the fringe of undergrowth barely fifty yards away. Their raucous grunts blended into a roar of rage. With bristles raised the angry beasts were charging fearlessly to the rescue of their mate. It was hard for McCall to believe that those swift, ferocious creatures were even remotely related to the well-fed lazy porker of the farm.

He was not long in concluding that he must get beyond reach of their champing jaws. Even at that distance he could see the gleaming tusks of the old stag, one rip from which would almost sever a limb. The nearest tree was more than a hundred feet away, and McCall knew that he could not reach it ahead of the racing swine. Before him was the fallen tree top, which was little more than a brush heap. Apparently the tree had been down two or three years; the branches were dead and broken. There was one, however, that thrust upward and outward and appeared to be large enough to sustain his weight.

The band of clamoring hogs were within twenty yards of the boy when he jumped upon the tree trunk and crawled out upon the half-rotten branch as far as he dared. The hogs were below him in an instant, circling round the fastened pig. Some of them stood with their forefeet upon the tree trunk, ripping the loose bark with their teeth and glaring up at their quarry. McCall involuntarily crept out farther upon the branch until a warning crack brought him to a halt.

Trembling and fearful, he watched the infuriated hogs milling almost within reach of his feet. The old stag had champed his tusks together until flecks of blood showed on the foam that dripped from his jaws. At every fresh outburst from the pig some of the beasts would crowd in closer. Once the old sow reared against the slender branch as if she would try to shake him off in her fury, and McCall momentarily expected to feel his perch collapse.

Apparently encouraged by the presence of so many loyal defenders, the pig ceased its outcry for a few minutes, and all the hogs except the old sow retreated a few yards; some of them began to root in the grass. But when McCall changed his position slightly to ease his cramped legs the pig mistook the movement and began squealing again. More vicious than ever, the hogs all crowded forward, and the crush of their bodies seemed likely to snap off the dead branch and land the victim of their wrath in their midst. McCall feared that another such onslaught would be his undoing; apparently the only way to induce the hogs to stay back was to keep the pig quiet. If he could get a few yards start he thought he might be able to run and reach a safer place, for he now believed that the hogs would not leave the squealing pig to follow him far. But how was he to keep the pig from making an uproar and bringing them upon him the moment he touched the ground?

A downward glance showed him the beady eyes of the pig looking up at him. The little animal was not directly under him, but at one side; in its efforts to get as far as possible from the man the terrified creature had wedged itself tighter than ever.

"You little runt!" McCall exclaimed in exasperation. "If you had even hog sense, you'd know enough to slip your measly head this way a few inches and take it out. If I could reach you I'd pull you out."

But there was no way of reaching the

little mischief-maker without dropping to the ground, and to do that would be foolhardy. The savage herd would chew him to pieces.

Again the old hogs withdrew a few yards; the pig had ceased its struggles. For more than a minute all was quiet, and McCall remained motionless. As he looked down at the pig, which he knew was merely getting its breath for another round of squealing, an idea came to him. If the obstinate little brute were so frightened at the presence of a man several feet away, what would it do if some strange object struck the ground within a few inches of its head? McCall glanced down. Well, he would find out in a second or two.

Carefully removing his hat, he wadded it into a ball and, taking it in his right hand, swung it forward. At the first movement the pig again set up its terrific squealing. The hogs had turned and were rushing toward the little captive, when McCall gave a final swing and released the hat. He had aimed to toss it a foot beyond the head of the squealer, but it cleared the creature's snout by barely four inches.

In its efforts to get as far away as possible from the hat, which was lying on the ground, the pig seemed to be doing its best to pull its own head off. McCall held his breath. If the hat would just remain where it was for a few seconds undisturbed by the other brutes, the pig would probably work along the opening to a place where it could get its head out.

Just then McCall got a fleeting glimpse of the old stag and saw the ugly jaws close upon the hat. Then the vicious brute set one sharp hoof on it and gave an upward jerk of the head; there came the sound of rending felt. For a moment McCall feared that his plan had failed.

The next instant half the hat was thrown against the struggling pig, and with a despairing wail the little creature pulled its head at least four inches in the direction of the widest part of the space.

As if tired of threatening, the old sow reared upon her hind feet and, throwing her weight against the branch, scarred the dead wood with her enormous teeth. There followed the crackle of straining timber, and McCall looked fearfully down at the bristly backs. Then the uproar suddenly ceased. In its struggles to get away from the hat the imprisoned pig had reached the place where its head could slip back through the opening. Now it was racing across the glade toward the timber, and the other hogs were already in pursuit.

Two minutes later McCall descended from his perch and with a rueful glance at the remains of his hat continued in the direction of his camp.

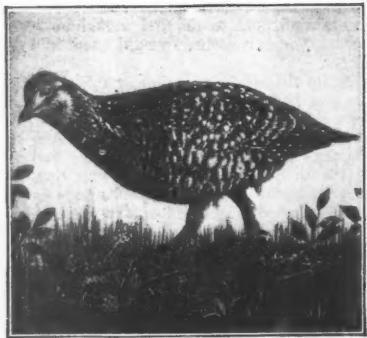
A hundred yards on the trail he passed within sight of five or six of the animals that a few minutes before had wanted to tear him to pieces. True to their wild natures, they turned tail and fled at the approach of man.

The hogs were below him in an instant



THE COMPANION FOR ALL THE FAMILY

August 16, 1923



*The heath hen
A grouse that is a near relative to the prairie chicken of the West*

FACT AND COMMENT

MARRY THE WOMAN whom you would choose for a friend if she were a man.

The Woods where Hunting never fails Are rarely reached by Easy Trails.

GIVE THE OTHER FELLOW a chance to talk; he will appreciate the courtesy, and you may learn something.

AT PRINCETON the faculty has prohibited the preparation and sale of syllabuses and reviews of the college courses.

GREAT HEART, an Illinois horse, made a high-jump record when, with a rider up, he cleared the bars at more than eight feet.

A TENNIS COURT surfaced with rubber and colored green is a new idea from London. It appears to have everything to recommend it except the cost.

MOST OF THE SUCCESSFUL women riders at the English Olympia horse show this year used an old-fashioned sidesaddle. Only four of twenty-one competitors rode astride. Princess Mary, as a leader of fashion, rides sidesaddle, and others point out that a woman not only looks more graceful riding in that way but needs to be a better horse-woman.

BALLOON TIRES FOR AUTOMOBILES, according to reports, will soon appear on the market. Instead of a tire 30 by $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches or 32 by 4, the motorist will be asked to consider one 30 by $5\frac{1}{2}$ or 32 by 6. The advantages attributed to the larger tires are easier riding, longer wear and the need of only low air pressure. The cost will be nearly the same as that of the present-day "cords."

AS THE PRICES of commodities fall gold increases in value. At the same time gold mining becomes more profitable and the output of gold is greater. The present activity of the gold-mining companies is owing to the fall in prices and to the expectation of further recessions. The mines in this country, Canada and the Transvaal are producing considerably more gold now than a year ago.

IN TWENTY YEARS the Alaskan Eskimos have made great strides in the ways of civilization. They have churches and schools, many of them read and write, and owing to the reindeer herds that the United States government started for them most of them are prosperous. Deer meat in the north sells at the rate of seven dollars for one hundred and sixty pounds, which is the weight of the ordinary carcass. The natives now own at least two hundred thousand reindeer, which are under government supervision.

WHO PAYS THE PIPER in the national income-tax entertainment is revealed in statistics lately published by the Bureau of Internal Revenue. Ninety-two per cent of the taxpayers are in the groups of those whose incomes are less than \$5000 a year, but all of them together pay less than thirteen per cent of the total taxes. Three per cent of the taxpayers, those who have incomes of more than \$10,000, pay seventy-seven per cent of the taxes. In spite of popular belief to the contrary, it appears that the few persons with the larger incomes are standing the treat.

A BUILDING SYNDICATE in New York is putting up a kind of house that seems to sell better than the conventional two-family house that has the same number of rooms in both apartments. The design is that of a three-story brick building with four rooms

on the first floor, three bedrooms and a bathroom on the second, and three rooms, a kitchenette and a bathroom on the third floor. The two lower floors make the owner's apartment larger than the ordinary one in a two-family house, and the third-floor apartment at \$50 a month pays most of the charges.

A VANISHING BIRD

MONG the interesting animals and birds that the first settlers of New England and the Middle States found inhabiting the woods and meadows of their new home was a bird that they called the heath hen because of its resemblance to the blackcock, or heath cock, of England. The American heath hen is a grouse. It is nearly related to the more numerous and more widely distributed prairie chicken and also to the familiar ruffed grouse.

All grouse are good to eat; none are especially hard to shoot. It accordingly happened that from an early day the heath hen began to diminish in numbers. It disappeared faster than the ruffed grouse because it is fonder of open country and cannot so easily conceal itself in cover. Little by little its range narrowed and the flocks decreased. It has been a good many years since any heath hens have been seen on the mainland; the colonies on the islands of Nantucket and Martha's Vineyard persisted longer. As recently as seven years ago there were two thousand in the game sanctuary at Tisbury, Martha's Vineyard. Then a ground fire swept the reservation, and, since the heath hen always nests on the ground, nearly all of the females were burned. Now it is reported that only about one hundred birds survive, and that they all are males. The heath hen is about to become as extinct as the great auk or the wild pigeon.

There have been plenty of efforts to stay the extermination of this beautiful and interesting bird. New York passed restrictive laws to protect it two hundred years ago. New Jersey did the same thing a hundred years ago. As long ago as 1831 Massachusetts decreed a long closed season in which hunting the bird was unlawful. But the laws were either inadequate or too little regarded. The pot-hunter had his way.

There is no little danger that other so-called game birds are now doomed to extinction. The prairie chicken and the quail are both a great deal less common than they were, and it is probable that they are growing scarcer each year. They are no longer, as they were in the day of the pioneer, an important part of the family food supply; but so long as they remain good to eat and powder and shot are cheap the outlook for them is gloomy.

THE TREATIES RATIFIED

FRANCE was extremely deliberate in ratifying the Washington treaties, but as in the end it accepted them textually and without serious opposition no harm has come from the delay. The agreements are all in force, or will be as soon as the formality of an exchange of ratifications has been observed.

The real reason that France delayed so long was a sentiment of national pride. The naval limitation treaty obliges France to accept during the term of the treaty the position of an inferior naval power. That is a disagreeable position for a country of the standing of France to accept, but the government made it plain to those who objected that the treaty really imposes no restriction, since the financial condition of France would not allow it to build a greater navy, in the item of capital ships, than the treaty allows.

It is remarkable that the votes of the French chambers that made the treaties effective were almost unnoticed by the press of this country. The announcement was made briefly, without prominent headlines, and few of the journals seem to have regarded the event as deserving even brief editorial comment. Yet the final success of the conference is an event of the highest international importance, and without the votes of the French chambers the conference would have been almost fruitless. For the first time in history all the great powers of the world, under no outside pressure from any quarter, have voluntarily curtailed their liberty to make themselves strong for offense and defense.

There are of course two opinions whether any one of the countries has sacrificed a

valuable right. For several years Sir Percy Scott, the British admiral, a high naval authority, has stormed and raged in the London newspapers against building any more capital ships; and restricting the tonnage of war vessels of that type is the chief thing that the naval treaty accomplishes. Sir Percy maintains—and is supported by other, but not all, experts—that capital ships are not only useless in war but a danger to the countries that rely on them. But that was not the prevailing opinion when the treaties were made, if it is now. Renouncing certain of their sovereign rights is as creditable to the powers as if the worth of capital ships had never been questioned.

HABIT

A RETAIL merchant has found that the right-hand side of his store does fifty per cent more business than the left-hand side, although the stock on each side is in his judgment of equal attractiveness. On inquiry he learned that other merchants had observed a similar condition in their shops. He concluded that the American rule of the road, "Turn to the right," had inculcated in people a habit so strong that it affected their actions on shopping expeditions.

The habit of observing the rule of the road is a good one, but it should not be permitted to control all of a man's power of attention. People who accustom themselves comfortably to any worthy habit are in danger of becoming a little blind. The habit of concentrating on a certain kind or group of problems is for most persons essential to success in life, yet, if persevered in without the mental relaxation that interest in problems of an entirely different character would bring, it is likely at last to make the success that it achieves seem rather barren. It is an excellent thing to form the habit of considering carefully the possible consequences of your acts, yet there is some danger that those who form that habit will occasionally fail in a crisis to which those who are accustomed to heeding the call of impulse may rise. And on the other hand persons who have been educated mainly to the importance of promptness and decision in action are often liable to displays of recklessness and bad judgment. The strict observance of good habits does not mean always that charity dwells in the heart. Sometimes it seems as if charity had a weakness for the companionship of the more imperfect members of the human race.

It has been said that men who have the qualities of their defects may be forgiven for the defects of their qualities. It is better, however, for people to eliminate their defects if they can than to be forgiven for them. A man should of course never become the slave of bad habits, nor should he ever let himself become wholly a creature of good ones.

THE PLIGHT OF THE FARMER

BEFORE the war a bricklayer or a plasterer in New York could earn perhaps five dollars a day. The farmer had to plant and raise and harvest something like five bushels of wheat to get the same money. Today the bricklayer gets fifteen or sixteen dollars a day, and it takes at least fifteen bushels of wheat—more at latest reports—to return the same sum to the farmer.

This indicates that relatively to the farmer the bricklayer is three times as well off as he was ten years ago. Relatively to the plasterer the farmer is only one third as well off as he was then. In a few words, that is the reason why there is so much economic dissatisfaction and political protest throughout the West.

Why is it that the farmer has lost ground economically as compared with the laboring man in the city? There are three reasons. First, the war encouraged the farmer to extend his fields and to increase his production; but it cut general building down to the very lowest amount. Now that the warring nations have returned to agriculture the demand for our wheat has fallen off, but the great deficiency of houses and office buildings has created an insistent demand for labor. Next, the bricklayers and plasterers are organized. They control their market and do not fear the competition of Argentines or Japanese. But farmers, who are business men and not wage earners, cannot combine as building workers can, and so far from controlling

their market they have to face the competition of a dozen other countries. Finally, the building trades, by limiting the number of apprentices, diminishing their output and forcing shorter hours, have created an artificial demand for their services. But the farmer—again a business man rather than a wage earner—cannot forget his pride in large and efficient production. He could raise prices if he would cut down his acreage, but he is slow to do that. Most good farmers like to see things grow and do not consider the price that they are to get for them until afterwards.

In the circumstances no one can be astonished that there is dissatisfaction in the farming states of the Northwest, for it is the wheat farmer of that region that has been most seriously injured. Whether anything can really be gained by strictly political means is the question. The last Congress put a substantial duty on wheat and passed other legislation that the agricultural representatives desired, yet as we write wheat is lower than it has been in nine years. The leaders whom the voters of the Northwest are following believe that more legislation will help; they will press for it at the coming session of Congress. Like the rest of us, in this era of democracy and parliamentary government they rely, perhaps too confidently, on the power of a written law to alter unfortunate conditions of life.

Whatever more laws can or cannot do, the surest way out of the present situation is intelligently restricting production to a point where a profit is to be found and practicing some degree of diversified farming in the wheat belt until the situation changes. The cotton planter has found in the peanut a means of escaping from the tyranny of a single crop. Is there not some profitable crop that is adapted to the soil and climate of the Northwest? So long as more wheat is raised than the market demands and attempts are made to hold up the price by legislation, we fear only one disappointment after another. Nothing except the return of actual peace and prosperity in Europe and the reestablishment of the old economic balance between the nations seems to us capable of strengthening permanently the market for American wheat.

A LONG-DISTANCE DEBATE

FROM his post on the front bench of the House of Commons Premier Baldwin recently spoke with some frankness on the subject of the dealings of France with Germany. The reply came two days later from a platform at Senlis in the heart of the region ravaged by the war when Premier Poincaré told the world what he thought of British conduct in connection with the occupation of the Ruhr. Neither gentleman said anything that we had not already ample reason to believe that he thought. The significance of the exchange of opinions lies in the fact that on each side things were openly avowed that until then had been diplomatically concealed.

Mr. Baldwin was the more reserved, but he made it clear that the British government does not like the abrupt way in which France has dismissed both of the German offers of reparation. He said that Great Britain would draft a separate reply to the Germans, which it would submit to the judgment of its allies; and he expressed the opinion that the occupation of the Ruhr was only prolonging a situation that made any real and solid improvement in the economic condition of Europe impossible.

The newspaper critics assumed that Mr. Baldwin's proposed reply to Germany was already understood in outline at Paris, and not disapproved there, but M. Poincaré's speech at Senlis showed plainly that he was not going to accept any suggestion of "compromising" with Germany. "Passive resistance must absolutely stop," he said in substance, "before we begin any negotiations whatever with the Germans; and we shall not permit any international commission to whittle down still further the amount of reparations that Germany owes us."

M. Poincaré went on to say that, if Great Britain had backed France up in the Ruhr, the Germans would not have offered any resistance, and that the reparations problem would by this time be in a fair way of settlement. He objected to having the allies of France try by this means or that to help Germany to escape from paying its just debts—while it is all the time extending and improving its industrial and transportation

systems with money that ought to be rebuilding the wrecked homes and factories of northern France.

The exchange, though brief and of course restrained in tone, shows with perfect clearness what it is that keeps France and Great Britain apart in their post-war policy—to the great profit of Germany. The two premiers well personify their national policies. Mr. Baldwin, a laconic, capable businessman, is annoyed at seeing trade languishing, production diminished, labor unemployed, the sources of economic wealth obstructed. He now wants to forget the war and get briskly to work again. M. Poincaré is of an outraged spirit. He and his have been wantonly injured; he means to get back his own, whatever else happens in the getting. The thing that annoys him is seeing the culprit wriggling out of paying for the damage he has done.

Wars have grown out of tempers and ways of looking at things no more divergent than those. Yet no one expects a war between France and Great Britain at present. Unfortunately an amicable and mutually gratifying agreement on the best way to handle Germany seems almost as unlikely as a war. One side or the other will have to yield its point—unless Germany yields first. We are inclined to think it will not be the French who will yield.

The Editor's BULLETIN BOARD

The Gateway of the North

THE issue of The Youth's Companion dated August 23 will carry a new Historic Milestone cover that the publishers respectfully dedicate to the State of Michigan.

The subject is a full-color reproduction from an oil painting made expressly for The Companion. It is a dramatic presentation of commercial activity typical of the great inland waterways. The text that accompanies the picture is the best description of it:

"The Gateway of the North: Through the waters that wash the shores of Michigan pours the commerce of half a continent, and where the bark canoe once paused at frontier trading posts mammoth ships now lie at the feet of granaries that feed the world."

CURRENT EVENTS

THE returns from Minnesota indicate that there has been no ebb in the tide of revolt against the Administration at Washington and against the economic situation in which the agricultural states have found themselves since 1920. Last November the voters of Minnesota sent Dr. Shipstead, a Farmer-Labor Senator, to Washington in place of Senator Kellogg, an able and rather liberal Republican. Now they have defeated Governor Preus, perhaps the best vote-getter among the Republicans, and have given Dr. Shipstead a Farmer-Labor colleague in Mr. Magnus Johnson. Senator Johnson is a native of Sweden who has lived in the United States some thirty years. He began life as a glass blower, but since he came to Minnesota he has been a farmer and a successful one. In politics he is what is called a radical, though there is no evidence that he would be so described in Europe, where the radical is an advanced Socialist or Communist. Senator Johnson will act with Senators La Follette and Brookhart. His election to succeed the late Senator Nelson still further imperils the uncertain control of the Senate by the regular Republicans.

EVER since the state of Jugo-Slavia was organized at the end of the war by the union of Serbia, Montenegro, Bosnia and Croatia there has been dissension within the new nation. The Serbians, regarding themselves as the natural leaders of the southern Slavs, have tried to dominate the government and to rule the country as if it were entirely Serbian. The Croats and Slovenes resent that; they were long a part of the Austrian Empire and think that their culture is superior to that of the Serbians. They understand that

they were to have a large degree of self-government, but they find that Belgrade allows them less local independence than Vienna allowed them. The Croatian members of Parliament, unable to gain their point, have declined to sit any longer in that body; and the premier, M. Pashitch, has forbidden the Croatian party to hold any public meetings. It is a situation favorable to civil war and the breaking up of the Jugo-Slavian state. Only good sense and reasonable concession on both sides can bring about any other result.

WE spoke a little while ago of the secession of certain members of the "Popular," or Roman Catholic, party in Italy from the coalition that supports Mussolini. That has naturally led to bad feeling between the more enthusiastic Fascisti and the Catholics, and there have been a number of demonstrations, some of them amounting to riots, directed against the political headquarters of the Popular party. It is no part of Mussolini's plan to detach the Catholics from his cause. He has been on better terms with the Vatican than any other premier of the reunited Italy. He has ordered the arrest of all who can be proved to have taken part in the riots, and he may be trusted to restrain so far as he can the ill-timed irritation of his followers. Meanwhile the premier has won a complete victory in Parliament by the passage of his bill for electoral reform. In the course of the debate he took occasion to speak disrespectfully of political liberty, which is not one of his ideals. Like the Russian rulers, he wants to make everyone do what he thinks good for them. He and the Russians differ widely on what is good, but in spirit there is a strong resemblance between them.

CANADA has authorized by act of Parliament the Governor-General at his discretion to put an embargo on the exportation of wood pulp from the Dominion. If that embargo should be enforced it would send the price of paper kiting, seriously disarrange the paper market on this side of the border and hasten the destruction of our own dwindling forests. The action of the Canadians is generally attributed to irritation with the present tariff law, which, so far as its agricultural schedules are concerned, they regard as hostile to them without being of any service to our own farmers.

ON July 14 the Academy of International Law was opened at The Hague. It is proposed to gather students and professors of international law from all over the world for an annual lecture course of three months. It is hoped that the Academy will build up and establish a universally recognized code of international law and help to encourage among the intellectual leaders of the world an international spirit and an enthusiasm for justice to all nations. Mr. James Brown Scott, the American publicist, has been particularly active in bringing the Academy to pass, and the Carnegie Foundation has advanced the money to make it possible.

AUTOMOBILES have become so common in California, Iowa, Nebraska and South Dakota that you could put the entire population of those states into the registered motor cars within their borders. In California there is actually a car to every three and eight tenths persons. The world is certainly on wheels in those Western states.

IT is proposed by the American Farm Bureau Federation that the government assist the farmers to withdraw two hundred million bushels of wheat from the market and store it for a year with the aid of the intermediate credit facilities that the new national law provides. It is argued that that would raise the price of wheat on the farm to as much as \$1.40. The danger with such a plan is that it would cause more wheat to be planted instead of less, as present conditions demand. Next year it might be necessary to store three hundred million or four hundred million bushels in order to keep up the price, and so on until the market broke ruinously under the burden of the tons of stored wheat. If the farmers would plant only what they can sell at a profitable price, there would be no need of withdrawing any wheat from the market, but as yet there is no way to find out just how much each man should plant.



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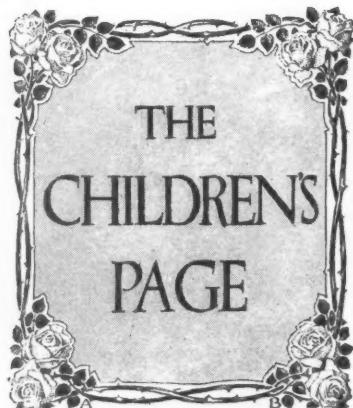


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THE BEE

By Carolyn Wells

There once was a lumberly, bumberly bee;
A gumpituous and bumptuous old fellow
was he.

He bumped into this flower, then into that;
He teased the poor dog, and he scared the
poor cat.

He buzzed with a zip! round the baby's bare
head,
And quickly whizzed off to the new posy bed.
Then zip! In a jiffy he came flying back,
And tumbled at Bessie and bumbled at Jack.
But though he was bright and a handsome
young fellow,
Dressed always most gayly in brown stripes
and yellow,
And though he was fitted with wonderful
wings,
Yet he was suspected of having sharp stings!
And nobody ever cared greatly to see
That lumberly, bumberly bumblebee.

JANE'S SECRET

By Marguerite Murphy

WHAT can be the matter, Phyllis?" "Nothing at all is the matter."

Phyllis hurried down the walk so that Jane should not see the sudden tears in her eyes. She did not like to cry.

Jane followed Phyllis, deep in thought. A secret is a terrible thing, especially when you can't tell it to your best friend. Jane knew that Phyllis felt bad and she was sorry, but she couldn't tell her this secret yet.

When the children reached the school yard Jane was quickly surrounded by three or four girls. Phyllis went off by herself.

After school Phyllis and Jane had a great deal of fun making paper-doll clothes. Jane had several sheets of tissue paper, blue and yellow and pink. She had even found some

plaid paper for trimmings. With cutting and fitting and pasting the little girls soon made the paper into dresses.

"I do love paper dolls," said Phyllis. "Sometimes I think I had rather have them than real dolls. I asked mother to give me only paper dolls for my birthday."

"That's tomorrow, isn't it?" asked Jane, and she smiled to herself.

"Will you come over after school? Mother said I couldn't have a party this year. But she's ordered some ice cream, and maybe there'll be a cake."

Jane had a queer look on her face. "I can't come right after school, Phyllis. I promised Helen I'd go over there."

"Helen didn't ask me."

"I—I know."

"But it's my birthday."

"I'm sorry," said Jane, but she didn't look sorry.

Phyllis jumped to her feet. "If you don't like me any more, I'm going home."

She ran out of the yard.

All the next day at school Phyllis kept away from Jane and from Helen. More than once she saw them giggling and talking together, but every time she came near them they grew quiet.

She felt hurt and went home all by herself. Phyllis had a habit of sulking when things did not go to please her, and, even though today was her birthday and there was ice cream at home, she circled round the house to the back yard. She could do something to make those girls feel bad, and she intended to do it.

The paper dolls!

Lightly she ran across the back yard and down a side street to Jane's playhouse. She knew just where everything was. She picked up a box of colored papers that she had decided to burn or tear or spoil in some way. But when she took the cover off the box a scrap of white paper fluttered to the floor. She thought it was a paper-doll dress and stooped to pick it up, but then she saw that it was a note.

"Be sure to be on time," it said. "Won't it be a lark! Mrs. Cummins said— The rest was torn off.

Mrs. Cummins? That was Phyllis's mother. What did she know about all this? Phyllis hadn't told her that the girls had a secret.

Slowly she put back the box of paper dolls. She would go home and ask her mother what the note meant. Slowly and thoughtfully she walked up the front walk and opened the front door.

"Surprise! Surprise!" a dozen merry voices shouted.

Then Phyllis realized what the note had meant and why the girls had avoided her and why Helen had not asked her to play. A surprise party! For her! Of course! It was her birthday.

Jane was hugging her tight. "Come on, Phyllis. The table is all set. There's a great

big cake, and you are to have the first blow at the candles."

Of course it was intended that Phyllis Cummins should be the happiest little girl there, because it was her birthday and her party; but she wasn't, because she felt ashamed of herself.

THE GOLDEN HORSE

By Kathleen Carman

THE golden horse was a part of a weather vane on the top of a large stable where there had once been horses but where now there were only two hard, shiny automobiles that never turned to look when anyone came into the stable.

The golden horse had been there many years, and he was very proud of himself. When he was young he had often been told how splendid he looked in his coat of gold leaf, and now he did not know that the rain and the sun had washed and burned almost all of it away. Beneath him were four golden letters, N and E and S and W, all pointing in different directions. The four letters never moved, no matter what happened, but the golden horse moved very often. His mane was thick and wavy, his tail streamed out behind, and he held his head proudly. His legs were made so that he seemed to be always running, and however hard the wind blew, or however often it changed about, he always ran bravely against it. Once the crow who had a nest in the tree near the stable asked the golden horse why he always ran against the wind.

"It is necessary," replied the golden horse; "otherwise no one would know which way the wind was blowing."

"But it is much easier to go with the wind," said the crow.

"I was not put here to take life easy," answered the golden horse, "but to tell people which way the wind is blowing. It is an important duty." And he bore against the wind harder than ever.

From his high place he could see the ocean, with great ships sailing on it. Nearer were many houses and all the different kinds of buildings that make a town; and there were trees and a little park and roads that went far off and never came back again. Smoke rose from the chimneys of the houses, and people walked about the streets, and automobiles went out on the far roads. But there were few horses, and none of them were golden.

"I am the only one of my kind," said the golden horse. "I must be very important."

But he spoke kindly to the little birds that flew about him all day long and held

DRAWN BY VERA GRIBIER MCCULLY



MOON SONG

By Dorothy Ketcham

*Ho, you up there,
With the wind in your hair
And a pointed star at your feet,
I'd like to know
Where it is you go,
Sailing along so fleet.*

*To the west you float
In a silk-sailed boat,
Calm and cool and white;
So, riding high,
As you come by,
Toss me a dream tonight.*

many serious conversations with his old friend the crow, who was a deep thinker.

One night after the summer was nearly gone there was a terrible storm. The golden horse had been in many bad storms since he first took up his place on the weather vane, but never before in so bad a storm as that. It rained so hard that it seemed to him as if buckets of water were being poured over him every moment; the wind blew so hard that the horse rocked from side to side; the lightning flashed like great white flames, and the thunder crashed and roared as if cannon were being fired in the clouds. The birds and the squirrels cuddled deeper into their nests and twittered and chattered in their fright. The golden horse too was frightened, but he still ran bravely against the wind and called to the old crow not to be afraid. Suddenly there was a louder thunderclap than ever, and the golden horse felt himself falling, falling through the air, head over heels, until he struck the roof of the stable and slid and slipped and fell again and at last struck the ground with a dreadful thump.

"This is the end of me," he thought as he lay still in the mud and the rain.

When morning came the storm had gone far away, and everything was peaceful once more. The sun came up in a clear blue sky and shone gayly on the puddles of rain water. The little birds flew about and sang as if nothing had happened, but the old crow came over to speak to the golden horse.

"This is the end of you," he said. "This is what comes of being too proud. Now you are of no use to anyone."

An old man came by with a bag on his back, looking for something that he could sell for a few pennies. He saw the golden horse but only pushed him aside with his foot.

"This is the end of me," said the golden horse; "even the junk man doesn't want me." And his heart was sad.

A little girl and boy came running out from the big house beyond the stable. They saw the golden horse and ran to pick him up. "Oh, see!" they called to each other. "It is the

The Mushrooms and the Little Men

By Nancy Byrd Turner

*There were four little mushrooms grew up in a night,
In a funny hot, sunny hot land.
They mumbled and grumbled, "Alas for our plight!
We'll never be picked; there's no mortal in sight.
In this lonely old place for the rest of our days
Just perfectly useless we'll stand,
Alack,
As useless as toadstools we'll stand."*

*There were five little brothers who'd traveled from far
On a dusty long, trusty long trip:
Quinto and Dicko and Dimble they were
And Tickle and little Tip.
They had been to the Land of the Mortals and found
Peanuts and berries and cherries,—a pound,—
Sea shells and sugarplums, marbles and corn;
And now they were tired and worn.*

DRAWN BY ELIZABETH B. WARREN



They said, "Oh, what steaming hot, streaming hot weather!"

They peered and they searched for some shade.

Not a bush or a tree or a shrub did they see!

"Oh, deary! Oh, weary!" they said.

Poor Quinto and Dicko and Dimble all sighed,

And little Tip whimpered; and Tickle,

Who usually chuckled and laughed till he cried,

Said, "Truly we are in a pickle."

But help was at hand in that desertlike land.

*They suddenly came to the spot
Where the tall mushrooms made a most wonderful shade*

And the sun was no longer hot.

"It's tents, boys, it's tents!" cried Quinto,

and "Whoop!"

Cried Dicko and Dimble with glee;

And little Tip frolicked and capered and rollicked,

And Tickle said, "Te-hee-hee!"

Those lovely cool tents! Why, their joy was immense;

They made themselves gladly at home.

And the mushrooms thought, "Well, you just never can tell."

When a chance to be useful may come,

Heigho,

When a chance to be useful may come!"

golden horse from the weather vane. How wonderful he is!" and they ran with him to the house to show their mother.

"Sure enough," she said, "it is the golden horse from the weather vane. The storm has blown him down. We must give him a fresh coat of gold leaf and put him up again."

So she sent him to a sign painter who gave him a new coat of gold leaf and made him all shining and bright once more.

"Let us have him to play with," begged the children. "Do not put him up again."

"We shall see what father says," answered their mother, "but you may have him today at least."

All day they played with him. The little boy rode him about and the little girl put reins of string in his mouth and sat in a chair behind and pretended that she rode in a pony cart. When the nurse brought their bread and milk for supper they gave some to the golden horse, and when they went to bed they kissed him and laid him on some straw on a shelf.

When the father came to see them before they went to sleep they told him about the golden horse. "He is a good horse, and we love him," said they. "May we keep him, father? He must have been lonely on top of the stable."

The father went to look at the golden horse.

"Well, old friend," said he, "you have come down in the world, but perhaps it is just as well. Since the little ones love you, you shall stay here and play with them." Then he said good night to the children.

The golden horse thought of his high place on the weather vane and how he could see the world round him, and at first he wanted to go back. But he thought that it was important for him to stay with the children and make them happy. "After all," he said to himself, "it is very pleasant to be loved."



RAIN

By Elizabeth Jenkins

*Softly on my windowpane
I hear the gentle voice of rain
Talking to me all the day
In such a gentle little way.
You act as if you did not know
You'd kept me in an hour or so!*



JOHN'S REWARD

By Bessie Best

A LONG, long time ago in the days when there were fairies there lived a widow and her three little boys. She was poor, and so she had to work hard to earn enough money to keep them from starving.

Now it happened that in the yard of the cottage where they lived there grew a rose-bush, and one day a beautiful rose blossomed upon it. The children were proud of the rose, and as they stood admiring it and talking about it an idea suddenly occurred to John, who was the oldest.

"I shall pick that rose and take it to market and see if I can sell it," he said to his brothers. "I'm sure mother would be pleased to have the money, and it is so beautiful that I ought to get a great price for it."

So he picked the rose and started for town with it.

When he was almost there he heard some one say, "Oh, how I should like to have a rose like that!"

He looked to see who was speaking and found that it was a little hunchbacked girl who sat in the window of the tenement house that he was passing. She looked lonesome. There was not a flower in sight to cheer her, and John, who had a kind heart, thought to himself, "Perhaps I shouldn't get much for just one rose anyway." He called to the little girl, "Here, catch it."

In another moment the rose was in her hand and she was smiling happily and clapping her hands in delight.

John turned to go home, but the little girl called to him, "I should like to give you something too," she said. "Hold out your cap."

John held out his cap and she threw a handful of hazelnuts into it.

"The children will be pleased with these," John said as he put them into his pocket and went on his way.

But he had gone only a little farther when he saw a little boy no bigger than himself with a thin, sad face and a ragged coat.

"What's the matter with you, little boy?" asked John kindly. "You look sad."

"I'm hungry," answered the little boy. "I wish I had something to eat, but I haven't any money to buy food."

John put his hand into his pocket and brought out the hazelnuts. "This isn't much," he said, "but it will help a little." And he gave them to the boy.

"That is good of you," said the little fellow, "and since you are so kind, you may have my only plaything." He took from his pocket a rubber ball.

"No, no. You keep it. I don't want to take it away from you."

"Please take it. I want you to have it," replied the little boy, and he was so much in earnest that John took it.

"We can have lots of fun with it at home," he said to himself as he continued on his way.

While he was bouncing it on the pavement and catching it as he walked along he heard the rumble of wheels behind him. A farmer was returning from town where he had been to sell his produce. When he caught sight of John bouncing the ball, he said eagerly, "My boy, I'll give you the nicest red apple I have left if you'll give me that ball. Today is my little boy's birthday, and he wanted me to bring him a ball, but I forgot all about it until I saw yours. He will be so disappointed!"

"It would be a pity to disappoint him," said John. So he gave the farmer the ball and took the red apple in exchange.

"I shall give it to mother when she comes from work," thought John. "In a way it will be better than the rose, because she can eat the apple, and she couldn't eat the rose."

Pretty soon he came to a little cottage, in front of which grew a large cherry tree. An old woman stood under the tree.

When she saw John she called out to him, "Little boy, do you happen to know where I can get a nice red apple? I'm so hungry for an apple dumpling that I don't know what to do. I have many cherries, but I can't make an apple dumpling of them."

"Why, I have the very thing you want," said John, and he took from his pocket the apple that the farmer had given him.

"Oh, thank you," said the old woman joyfully as she took it from him. "But you shall not part with it for nothing." She quickly filled a paper bag with cherries and gave it to John.

"Well," he said to himself, "this is even better than the apple, for now we can all have some."

"Don't throw away the seeds," called the old woman as he left. "Save them and plant them and you will have some cherry trees of your own in a few years."

Pretty soon John came to his own house, and when he went inside he found that his mother had already come home from work. A scanty supper was ready and waiting for him. You may be sure that his mother was glad to see John, for he was just a little boy and had never before been far from home by himself. She had begun to fear that something had happened to him. The cherries made a great difference in their simple meal. After all of them had been eaten John gathered the seeds and put them into a dish until the next day when he could plant them.

But in the morning when he went to the dish he found no cherry pits at all, but only little lumps of shining gold. He called his mother and his little brothers, and while they were gazing in astonishment at what was in the dish they heard a gentle tap at the door. When the door was opened, there stood the most beautiful fairy that ever was seen or that probably ever will be seen till the end of time. When John looked at her he thought that he had seen her somewhere before, but he could not remember. Her lovely smile seemed to light up the whole room.

"This," said the fairy, pointing to the dish of gold pieces, "is a just reward for John's kindness of heart in helping so many people. I was the lonely little hunchbacked girl; I was the poor little hungry boy; disguised as a farmer, I begged from him his ball; I was also the old woman to whom he gave the apple. May he and his be happy the rest of their lives!"

With those words she vanished, but just as she was disappearing she touched the poor cottage with her wand, and it became a pretty cottage with comfortable furniture. John and his mother and his little brothers lived happily on the money that they received for the lumps of gold until the boys grew up and were able to earn a good living for their mother and themselves.



Construction Day by Day

So great and so constant is the growth of demand for telephone service that the Bell System invests throughout the country an average of three-quarters of a million dollars every working day for new telephone plant.

New aerial lines are always under construction or extension, new subways are being dug and cables laid, larger building accommodations are under way, more switchboards are in process of building or installation, and added facilities of every description being mustered into service to care for the half million or more new subscribers linked to the System every year.

This nation-wide construction, this large expenditure of funds, could not be carried out efficiently or economically by unrelated, independent telephone organizations acting without co-operation in different sections

of the country. Neither could it be carried out efficiently or economically by any one organization dictating from one place the activities of all. In the Bell System all the associated companies share common manufacturing and purchasing facilities which save millions of dollars annually. They share scientific discoveries and inventions, engineering achievements, and operating benefits which save further millions. But the management of service in each given territory is in the hands of the company which serves that territory and which knows its needs and conditions.

By thus combining the advantages of union and co-operation with the advantages of local initiative and responsibility, the Bell System has provided the nation with the only type of organization which could spend with efficiency and economy, the millions of dollars being invested in telephone service.

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One Policy, One System, Universal Service, and all directed toward Better Service



That Year at Lincoln High

By JOSEPH GOLLOMB

THIS is a rousing story of public-school life in a big city, a story full of incidents ranging from hotly-contested athletic meets, baseball and basket-ball games to mysterious secret society initiations.

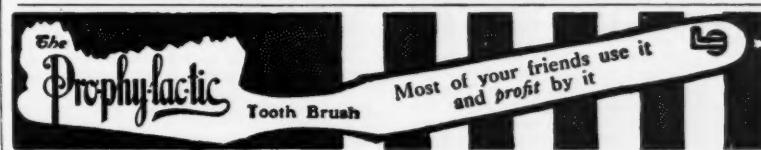
The principal character is one J. Henley Smolett, whose well-to-do father decrees that he shall go to the near-by public school instead of to the aristocratic private institution on which the boy's heart had been set. There is a good reason for the senior Smolett's action, as the story shows. Hardly less appealing as a character is Isadore Smolensky of the East Side, whose first encounter with J. Henley is of a pugilistic nature, but who ultimately becomes his warm friend. The book is vivid and exciting, and it is safe to say that hardly any boy will put it down until he has finished it. Incidentally, it gives a mighty good idea of the democratizing process going on in our public schools of today.



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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION 881 Commonwealth Avenue BOSTON, MASS.



A YOUNG OCTOGENARIAN

By Abbie Farwell Brown



*Years may weigh heavy like dull lead,
But his are light, bright gems instead.
And what a generous treasury
For younger, envious eyes to see!*

*He wears his years like medals hung
Upon a hero always young
Or like the gay plumes of a knight,
Waving undaunted through the fight.*

*He shows what boon long life may be,
Simple and sweet, with gaiety,
Busy with perennial zest,
Loving and loyal, brave and blest.*

*For nature, whom he loves so well,
Weaves of that love a magic spell.
The strength of sea and sky and hill
Enwraps him in its virtue still.*



GOD'S PLAN

THE class in physics were studying magnets. After a number of experiments the teacher took several sheets of paper and a box of steel filings. At his bidding the pupils sprinkled the filings on the papers; the fine particles looked like grains of sand that might have fallen from the hand of a heedless child.

"Now," said the teacher to one of the boys, "take your paper of filings and place it on top of that magnet."

The boy did so, and there was a sudden stirring among the particles. In a second the filings had arranged themselves in beautiful symmetrical patterns. Every particle on the paper seemed to have found its proper place. Out of confusion the magnet had brought order.

How jumbled and scattered life seems at times! How can wickedness and goodness both be working for the glory of God? How can we reconcile joy and sorrow, love and hate, life and death? How can there be any plan to things?

It may be that while we are in this world we shall not be able to see the infinite plan that takes account of all things and fits them into their proper places to bring glory to God and good to his children. Nevertheless, can we not wait until that day when life will appear to us like filings on a sheet of paper above a magnet? Then we shall see everything in its proper place; then we shall see the perfect pattern.



PROVIDENCE AND THE POSTMAN

"WHAT'S this ten dollars?" asked Betty Riddle's husband with his pencil tip on an item in the household expense account.

His wife's pretty face reddened. "I didn't think you'd begin so far back as that," she protested and tried to draw her account book away.

"But hold on; you changed a one to a ten right there!"

"I know that," Betty answered warmly, "but nine dollars of that ten shouldn't have been in the house account at all. Isn't this just like me?" she exclaimed with a little laugh. "After keeping a secret all these weeks to go and advertise it!"

She caught him grinning. "I've a great mind not to tell you! But really I'm not a bit ashamed; I think the whole business was providential. You remember when you went on your trip right after Christmas I had everything to look after alone. One of the things on my mind was the tip for the postman New Year's morning. Several days before in changing a twenty-dollar bill I got back a crisp, fresh dollar, and I said to myself, 'That's for the postman.' Well, New Year's morning when I saw him coming I ran and pulled it out of my purse and, slipping it into an envelope, wrote 'Happy New Year' on the outside. I had it at the door for him when he rang the bell."

Mr. Riddle nodded. "Well," his wife continued, "it happened I was busy when he rang next morning; so he left the letters in the box. And that evening I noticed that a ten-dollar bill, part of the change from my twenty, was gone from my purse."

"You'd given it to him!"

"Wait a minute. I knew I hadn't; and the only other time I had opened my purse in those two days was when the newspaper collector called that morning. I had given him a dingy old bill, supposedly a dollar, wrapped round some change, and he had slipped it right into his pocket. So I called him up. He was quite superior and said his account for the day had balanced to a penny. I knew I hadn't mislaid the money, but just the same I began to hunt. There was a chance that the ten might have pulled out with the one and have fluttered off under the furniture. Then I remembered standing near my open bed when I took out the money for the collector; it might be in the bedclothes. So I tore the bed pieces. Lucinda was here cleaning that day, and she took a great interest. She was sure the postman had it, and she was quite fierce about making him give it back. But think! If he did have it, I should have spoiled his pleasure in it by letting him know I hadn't meant he should have it! He's just a boy, you know. Well, at last I hardened my

THE COMPANION FOR ALL THE FAMILY

August 16, 1923

heart, and the next morning I went to the door, and—there was a substitute in his place!"

"He'd laid off to spend it?"

"Just what I suspected. The substitute didn't know when he'd be back or anything. So for four days I haunted that front door, watching for him, and with each delivery it seemed a little harder to spoil his New Year's present."

"On the fifth day Lucinda was here again, and she saw our own postman coming down the street. Without a word to me she met him at the door. I didn't even know he had been here until she came into my room with the mail, looking very sheepish, and said, 'Guess I know where your ten dollars went, Mrs. Riddle.' It seems the first thing he had said to her was, 'Say, I wish you'd tell Mrs. Riddle that was a fine New Year's present!'"

"And what did Lucinda say?"

"Why, every time she opened her mouth to speak he'd begin to tell her something more. He'd been waiting all those days for the chance. He has a wife and two babies, and they'd all been sick. He said my present was just enough to make the last payment on his uniform. Then Lucinda asked, 'How much was it she gave you?' He said, 'Why, ten dollars!' and then suddenly he looked perfectly sick and asked right out if it was a mistake. And she told him it was, and after just a second he said everybody makes mistakes, and he would pay me back, but he couldn't do it till after pay day. And what do you think that fire-eating Lucinda said then? She told him not to worry, because I was an awfully kind-hearted woman!"

Betty paused and then went on a bit defiantly, "Well, then I thought of the ten-dollar check Uncle Henry sent me for Christmas, and on the boy's next round I answered the door myself and told him I was sorry Lucinda had let him know it was a mistake, and that a little money had come to me unexpectedly and made it all right for me to let him keep the ten. I asked him please to be just as happy about it as if I had meant it all the time, and he stood there and swallowed, and his eyes got red, and at last he managed to say, 'Mrs. Riddle, all I can say is you're going to get service!' And next day when he brought a letter with two cents due he fairly shouted, 'That's all right!' and wouldn't let me pay it!"

She ended in a shaky laugh, and her husband laughed too. Then he pulled out some money, and there was an odd little catch in his voice as he said, "You're a good scout, Betty! Uncle Henry can't pay for that story, though; it belongs to me!"



A BEAR OUT OF BED

THE chance to see a bear that had been disturbed during its long winter sleep came to me, writes a contributor, unexpectedly one extremely cold December night in a northern wood. Early dusk settling over the snow-clad country had found me far from home at the end of an unsuccessful hunting trip, and I had sought shelter at a nearby logging camp. While I was sitting before the roaring stove one of the loggers said to me in a matter-of-fact way that just after he and his sawing companion had felled a tree across the trunk of an old dead tree lying half buried in the snow they were astonished to see a black bear paw its way out through the tangle of roots and branches.

Half an hour later with my rifle held ready for instant use I stood peering down into a cavity beneath the roots of the dead tree, but the flickering rays of the lantern in the hands of the logger, who had guided me, revealed only a flattened bed of dry moss and leaves. Turning from the den, we discovered several paces away a sunken spot in the snow packed hard as if by a large body. Evidently the bear had sat there for some time, and its warm body had melted the snow. On the evidence of frozen paw marks that fringed the entire edge of the impression we decided that the animal had been uncertain in which direction to set forth into the snowy and unnatural world.

By the dull light of the lantern we followed the trail for perhaps half an hour. Up a small ravine it led us, and in one place where it veered sharply to the right we could see that the bear had tried to dig into the frozen bank. I noticed too that it had often made wide detours to avoid climbing even the slightest obstruction. Here it had scratched the snow away until the frozen ground was visible, and several paces farther on it had hesitated as if in doubt whether to proceed or to turn back.

I had almost concluded that we should never come upon the old fellow when suddenly my guide, who was in the lead, halted halfway across a snow-covered log. The next instant an exposed root sent him sprawling, and the light went out in the snow. After much fumbling—for the temperature was forty degrees below freezing—we succeeded in relighting the lantern. Then my companion held it high above his head, and I with my rifle ready crept up beside him and peered over the log.

Prepared as we were for an angry bear, we had to laugh at what we saw. A shaggy black bear was sitting upright with his back against a fallen tree and his head hanging forward; except for turning his head slightly from side to side he showed few signs of life. He seemed to be in a stupor; our loudest shouts failed to rouse him. Only once did he raise his head and glance in our direction, and even then I doubt whether those dull, expressionless eyes saw us.

It was perfectly clear that the poor creature was in misery; so I raised my rifle, and at the report of it the bear toppled over with no more

show of ferocity than if he had been a stuffed specimen in a museum of natural history.

Incidentally, the pelt of the animal was one of the most beautiful I have ever taken in many days of hunting.



MARK TWAIN, LORD NORTH-CRIFLE AND KEAN

THE British painter Mr. Edwin A. Ward has been contributing some readable reminiscences to the Cornhill Magazine, some of which relate to his experiences with Mark Twain. Mr. Ward had a commission to furnish Alfred Harmsworth, later famous as Lord Northcliffe, with the portraits of men eminent in literary or public life. While Mark Twain was visiting London Mr. Ward decided that his picture ought to be added to the Harmsworth collection. As the great publisher was abroad and could not be consulted, Mr. Ward went ahead to make the portrait on his own responsibility.

A portrait of Cecil Rhodes was on view in the studio, he says, when Mark Twain began his sittings, but his vocabulary became so violent and varied, leaving no room for doubt as to his views regarding the policy of the British in South Africa and the part played in it by Cecil Rhodes, that I was compelled to move the picture out of his sight. I was astonished to find that he had no good word to say for the works of Charles Dickens. He seemed to be quite blind to Dickens's qualities, and for the life of him he failed to see any humor in the stories.

The only person who really seemed to interest him was Kean, the queer little slipshod Irish maid of all work who served our simple meals. She certainly was not good-looking. Undersized and unshapely, she was just an oddity and might have posed for the Marchioness in Dickens's Old Curiosity Shop; but her face shone like the sun, and a radiant smile made you forget the ugliness of her features. Mark Twain liked her from the first, and when he departed he presented her with a complete signed edition of his works. Just before I had been engaged upon portraits of the Harmsworth brothers, and two or three of the younger ones had teased Kean unmercifully and had dispatched her upon all sorts of whimsical errands, for which I am bound to say they tipped her lavishly. When Mark Twain's picture was completed I asked her what she thought of him. She said she liked him very much and added: "What a relief after them 'Armstrongs'!"

The picture was framed and delivered to Alfred Harmsworth at Carmelite House. In the course of time I received a communication from Mr. Sutton, his secretary. It ran: "Mr. Harmsworth says that he does not know Mark Twain; he has never read any of his writings, and he does not want his portrait. Will you kindly have it removed as soon as possible?"

About a year afterwards I was asked to call at Berkeley Square to see Mr. Harmsworth.

"What have you done with the picture you painted of Mark Twain?" he asked.

"It is still in my possession."

"Well, I want to buy it. I have just returned from America, where I met Mark Twain many times. He is the only really funny man I have ever known."



THE TUSHEGOON LAMA

MOST extraordinary tale of mystery and adventure is Mr. Ferdinand Ossendowski's recent book *Beasts, Men and Gods*. Mr. Ossendowski is a Polish engineer who was caught in Siberia when the Bolsheviks overran that country after defeating Kolchak, and his book is the story of his perilous and romantic journey through southern Siberia, inner and outer Mongolia, Tibet and the Desert of Gobi to safety in China. In the course of his wanderings he came across a strange personage, the Tushegoon lama, Buddhist prelate, political agitator and witch doctor, who had remarkable hypnotic powers. Mr. Ossendowski tells this story as an example of the illusions he could create:

"There is very much unknown in nature," said the lama, "and skill in using the unknown produces the miracle; but the power is given to few. I want to prove it to you, and you may tell me afterwards whether you have seen it before or not."

He stood up, pushed back the sleeves of his yellow garment, seized his knife and strode across to the shepherd. "Michik, stand up!" he ordered.

When the shepherd had risen the lama quickly unbuttoned the fellow's coat and bared his chest. I could not yet understand what his intention was when suddenly with all his force the Tushegoon stuck his knife into the chest of the shepherd! The Mongol fell all covered with blood, a splash of which I noticed on the yellow silk of the lama's coat.

"What have you done?" I exclaimed.

"Sh! Be still," he whispered, turning to me his now blanched face.

With a few strokes of the knife he opened the chest of the Mongol, and I saw the man's lungs softly breathing and the heart palpitating. The lama touched those organs with his fingers, but no more blood appeared to flow, and the face of the shepherd was quite calm. He was lying with his eyes closed and seemed to be in deep sleep.

As the lama began to open the Mongol's abdomen I shut my eyes in horror; and when I opened them a little while later I was dumfounded at seeing the shepherd with his coat still open and his breast normal, quietly sleeping on his side and the lama sitting peacefully by the brazier,

smoking his pipe and looking into the fire with an expression of deep thought on his face.

"It is wonderful!" I cried. "I have never seen anything like it!"

"About what are you speaking?" asked the lama.

"About your demonstration or miracle, as you call it," I answered.

"I never said anything like that," replied the man coldly.

"Did you see it?" I asked of my companion.

"What?" he said in a dozing voice.

Then I realized that I had become the victim of the hypnotic power of the Tushegoon; but I preferred it to seeing an innocent Mongolian die.



THE PARROT OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY

IT was once the curious custom in England to carry wax effigies of the dead—if they were distinguished enough—in their funeral processions. It was also customary to leave the effigies near the grave for some time thereafter, and the mourning friends of the deceased were used to compose elegies, rimed laments and similar productions, which they would write fairly out on paper and pin to the clothing of the effigy. A number of the quaint old effigies are still preserved at Westminster Abbey, where they are stored in the Islip Chapel, and one at least, that of Frances, Duchess of Richmond, is still to be seen beside her grave in Henry VII's Chapel.

The fair duchess was something of a figure at the court of Charles II, and she was for some years a particular favorite of the Merry Monarch's. Her effigy at Westminster is magnificently dressed in the robes she wore on some great occasion,—the coronation perhaps of Queen Anne,—and beside it on its perch is the studded body of Her Grace's pet parrot. It is a strange thing to be seen in this last resting place of the great and famous. Doubtless it is the only creature not human on whom such distinction has been conferred. The story goes that the parrot died of grief within a few days of its mistress, and that it was carried in her funeral procession on account of her great affection for it. How it happened to be left in the Abbey and why it has never been disposed of its place there no one seems to know. It has been there so long now, watching like Tutenkhamun's two guardian statues over the last slumbers of its fair mistress, that it may fairly be thought to have established a prescriptive right to its post of honor.



ANOTHER LITTLE POST OFFICE

HERE are all kinds of post offices in the United States. Some of them are magnificent buildings that cost a million dollars or more; some are mere shelters from the weather or dusty corners in rural general stores. We



A modest and venerable little rural post office

printed not long ago the picture of what was said to be the smallest post office in the country. That article led a reader to send in the photograph of an office that is a little larger and not so picturesque, but that is interesting nevertheless for the rustic simplicity of its architecture. The office is at Searsburg, in the hills of southern Vermont. The picture shows the postmaster, who is standing in the doorway, ready for business.



THE PROOF OF MR. PEASLEE'S PUDDING

"I HAD my doubts about that new man that's his comin' here," Caleb Peaslee remarked, nodding his head weightily, "but now that I've had a chance to see more of him and kind of size him up I'm feelin' consid'able easier. I'm about to b'lieve he'll be a good neighbor and a benefit to the community most likely."

Deacon Hyne protruded his lower lip. "He's a book farmer," he objected stubbornly. "He's learnt a lot of things about balanced rations—whatever they are—and testin' milk for butter fat maybe, but I bet he couldn't go into a herd and pick out a good milker by her looks and by the way she'd stand handlin', same's you or me can or any man can that's been brought up with horned cattle from a boy."

"I venture to say," said Caleb, "that four times out of five he'd pick a better cow! He's got book learnin' to help out his judgment, and he got his judgment same's you and I got ours—"

"Off'n a farm?" demanded the deacon sharply.



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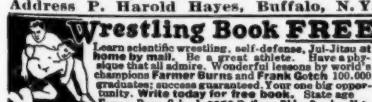
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THE COMPANION FOR ALL THE FAMILY

"How'd you know he ever see a farm till he come here? D'he ever tell you so in so many words?"

"Well, no, he didn't," Caleb admitted, "but for all that I'm willin' to b'lieve he was raised on a farm; I've got what I'd take for fust-rate evidence."

The deacon snorted in a manner that indicated disbelief.

"I shouldn't wonder," Mr. Peaslee observed, "if some of the things that've been said by diff'rent ones might have got to his ears some way. One or two hints he let fall to me kind of makes me think so anyway."

"Such as what?" asked the deacon a little uneasily, and a tiny patch of red showed on each of his gaunt cheek bones.

"Well," Caleb replied, "it's kind of hard to have 'em word for word where I didn't charge my mind with 'em p'ticular; but one day when he was over to my place he did say somethin' about a farmer that'd 'pitch hay onto a load from the leeward,' and that give me a notion he'd seen enough of hayin' to know it loads easier from the side the wind's blowin' from!"

"Well, that's true 'nough," the deacon replied grudgingly, "but that ain't sayin' he was fetched up on a farm, now is it?"

"Another thing he let fall," continued Caleb, "was a remark about Jed Norris shinglin' his barn; I'd been tellin' him how Jed shingled it laddin' the shingles in his arms and standin' on a ladder, bein' too shiftless to build a proper stagin' to work from."

"What'd he say to that?" asked the deacon. "He looked kind of amused," replied Caleb, "and then he said he knew a boy once in his young days that undertook to lug fifty sap buckets without any handles half a mile to the sap orchard; and he went on to say, 'sif that ended the matter, that the boy never amounted to anything when he grew up."

"I'll bet he never did either," asserted the deacon, "doin' a fool thing like that!" His prejudice against the new man was plainly wavering. "What else did he say?" he asked.

Caleb rasped his chin thoughtfully. "Well, as I told you, I can't jest say over word for word all he let fall; but one thing that went to prove to me—and to my wife too—that he was farm raised and farm fed was somethin' that come up at dinner time. He'd come over to see me about gittin' leave to take down a panel of fence in my lower pasture so's he could drive down to the brook for a load of gravel; and, bein' it was about dinner time, I asked him if he wouldn't draw up with us to Sunday dinner. My wife's a good cook, and that day she had an extra good set-out, seems to me; she had a couple of baked chickens and mashed squash and rice bread and biscuits, both, and celery right out of the spring house and baked p'taters and apple pie and two-three kinds of cake with easy frosting—you know, the soft kind made with cream; and Bennoch—that's his name—laid in a good big meal of it. Done me good to see him eat!"

The deacon looked doubtful. "I don't see as that proves anything," he objected. "Anybody could make a meal off'n that grub, I don't care if he never saw a farm."

"That ain't all," Caleb assured him. "When he'd et a good square meal my wife got up and fetched on somethin' else. 'I don't know as you'll like this,' she says, 'but we have it about every Sunday, and if you don't like it I won't think you ain't p'lite if you don't finish it.' And she set a dishful down in front of him, and I put the cream and sugar where he could reach 'em."

"He took one mouthful," continued Mr. Peaslee, "and then he leaned back and grinned at my wife. 'Rye an' Injun steamed puddin,' he says to her, 'and if I ain't lost my judgment, it was cooked in a brick oven! I ain't had any before for ten years, but it tastes jest as good as ever!'

"And when he said that," Caleb asserted stoutly, "I didn't need another word to tell me that he'd been raised on a farm—not a word! And now," he demanded, "what do you think about it, Hyne?"

Hearing no reply, he turned and found the deacon looking off into the distance; his lips were drawn in over his almost toothless gums, and he was swallowing in reminiscent delight. "Rye an' Injun!" he said wistfully and swallowed again.

MAKING BATIK

JAPAN and China like to embroider colors on materials; Sumatra dyes the threads and weaves them in; India stamps the material, and the South Sea islands paint it. But Java, writes Miss Minnie Frost Rands in Asia, has a method all its own. Batik, as the process is called, is a science, an art, an industry, a religion, a mystery, an inheritance and a treasure peculiar to that tropical island. Batik makers draw their design in hot wax on white cotton cloth and then color the uncovered parts of the pattern by dipping the waxed cloth again and again into vats of vegetable dye.

The batiker draws by letting the hot wax flow from the miniature spout of a small copper cup, or *tjanting*, which is fastened securely to one end of a short bamboo handle. The Javanese invented the instrument, but whether batik was original with them or was introduced from abroad is not clear. All we know for certain is that the patient Javanese have been making this lovely cloth for centuries on centuries.

The Javanese batiker of modern times, no matter what her social station, insists on having only the very finest weave of English cotton. She wants a closely woven material on which she can write as if on paper, and on which the wax will

form a superficial layer instead of penetrating between the threads. Having bought the goods, she tears them and hemms the edges with a fine hem. She needs neither pattern nor scissors. If the batik is to be a headress for her husband, it must measure each way forty-two inches; if it is to be a sarong, or skirt, for herself or for her husband, it will be eighty-four by forty-two inches; if it is to be a breast cloth for herself or a sling for binding her baby to her, it will be eighty-four by twenty-one inches. Having hemmed the piece, she is ready to make it *mateng*, or ripe.

The ripening process, which prepares the goods for absorbing the dyes, consists in soaking and drying it from five to ten times a day usually for a period of from six to twelve days. The dip used is a mixture of peanut oil or castor oil and lye made from the ashes of rice stubble. The treatment, which in one part of Java lasts as long as forty days, gives the pussy-willow, velvety feeling of Java batiks and changes the original fabric, so that it no longer resembles calico but suggests the texture of silk, cotton and velvet combined. Now the batiker starches the cloth with sago, cassava or rice flour. Then she irons it and begins to lay out the design, using horizontal, vertical and diagonal guide lines applied with a stick, or merely folding and creasing the goods as the pattern requires. If the design to be applied is one that she has not yet learned by heart, she bastes the new material on the old batik and by means of the light that shines through the two pieces of cloth as they hang over her bamboo rack traces in wax the outline of the principal figures. The details she fills in free-hand. When the drawing is complete on one side she turns the goods over and by means of the light shining through traces the design in wax on the reverse side. Thus there is no right and wrong side to a batik.

The batik maker, even with steady application during the twelve light hours of a tropical day, must squat for many days on her *pandan* mat before her easel to finish a wax painting of fairly intricate design. Of course she waxes the pattern and boils out the wax and rewarxes the pattern for every additional pure color.

In middle Java, where the most typical batiks are made, the dyeing process consists of three steps: the indigo bath, the *soga* bath for the warm red-brown colors and the cream tinting of the wax-free goods. The task of dyeing is as tedious a task as preparing the goods. It may take weeks. The result, however, is color that is everlasting.

Batik is a long process, but when it is finished the Javanese has a garment that after five years of constant wear will still be beautiful and, if donned only on festive days, will retain its magnificence for a lifetime. It is not unusual to see a Dutch girl in Java wearing a batik that, though it appears to be in its newborn glory, was worn by her mother and her grandmother before her!

SENSITIVE EARS

A N amusing incident, says a contributor, occurred at the Republican National Convention in Chicago in 1904. The late George A. Knight of California, who had one of the loudest voices of any public speaker of his time, was one of the speakers. Among those who preceded him on the programme were some of the foremost orators of the party, whereas Knight was comparatively unknown. They struggled valiantly to make themselves heard by the vast audience that filled every nook and cranny of the Colosseum, but were frequently interrupted by cries of "Louder! Louder!"

Then came Knight's turn, and he advanced to the front of the platform. "Ladies and gentlemen," he began, and the resonant tones rolled over the astonished audience like a tidal wave.

Before he could say another word a voice from a remote corner of the hall called out with startling distinctness, "Not so loud!" The laughter that followed made it impossible for the speaker to continue for several minutes.



A HARD "C"

THERE are few persons about whom more stories illustrating the possession of a genial wit are told than Mr. Oliver Herford, the artist and maker of clever verses. The Argonaut says that he was once speaking over the telephone with Prof. Brander Matthews, who had just announced his intention of sailing for Europe on the *Celtic*—which he pronounced "Keltic."

"Oh, please don't say Keltic," Brander pleaded Herford. "Because if you do, you know, you'll have a hard sea all the way over."

Answers to Puzzles in August 9 Issue

1. Gnat, ant (antelope, elephant); beetle, bee; wasp, paws, asp; hornet, horn.

2. 1 2 3 4 5
3 5 2 1 4
5 1 4 3 2
4 3 5 2 1
2 4 1 5 3

3. Balloon (ball, loon).

4. Bonito, blue, shad, haddock, sword, scallop, alewife, pike, chub, gold, limpet, pollack, shark, clam, spot, perch, star, cuttle, dog, flying, smelt, salmon, drum, minnow, devil, crab, saw, cod, whale, eel, sole, cat, sardine, carp, dace, trout, bass, scup, white, sun, ray, graying.

5. A gun.



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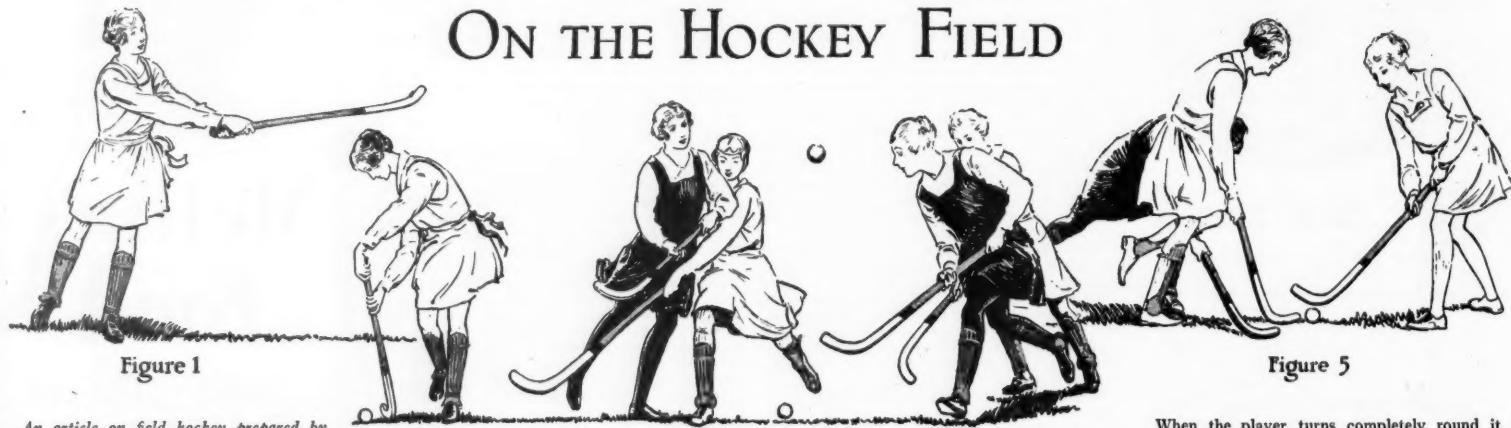


Figure 1

Figure 2

Figure 3

Figure 4

Figure 5

An article on field hockey prepared by a member of the victorious All-England Women's Hockey Team was published in the Girls' Page for September, 1922. The following article, from the same authoritative source, treats the different positions and strokes in greater detail.—The Editor of the Girls' Page.

THE most important thing is to be able to hit the ball well. A long back swing often causes "sticks at the back" and makes you late that you may be robbed of the ball while you are preparing to hit it. Use a quick, short back swing and then follow through. To follow through, bring the stick straight forward after hitting, extending the arms to their full reach; then turn the right wrist over the left so that the face of the stick is turned down; that prevents any chance of giving "sticks." Your weight, too, must be properly distributed.

1. **THE BEGINNING OF THE HIT.** A short, quick back swing, with the left foot in front, the weight on the right foot.

2. **THE ACTUAL HIT.** The eyes on the ball, the weight swinging forward, the hands together near the top of the stick, the stick upright.

3. **AFTER THE HIT.** The weight on the left foot, the arms extended straight out in front, the right wrist turned over the left, the face of the stick downward. (Figure 1.) Guard against the "mow" stroke, in which the stick is swept round instead of kept upright, and the elbows bent round the left side instead of being straight out in front. It is bad style and ineffective.

SHOOTING. It is a fairly safe rule to say always shoot as soon as you are in the circle. More goals are lost by forwards trying to get a little nearer the goal before trying for their shot than in any other way. If a pass comes to you in the circle (except off a "corner," when it is illegal), take a flying shot. Don't wait to stop and pat the ball into position before you shoot, for often the seconds wasted in checking it will allow an opponent to intercept your shot. Your shots may go wide at first, but you will soon learn to time them accurately, and a player who is a quick shot in the circle is worth far more than one who is brilliant in mid-field, but shoots slowly.

After shooting rush your shot. The three inner should all rush the goal keeper after a shot and try to get the ball in before she has time to get rid of it, if she stops the first shot. The centre half should then step just inside the circle so that, if the ball bounces off the goal keeper past the rushing forwards, she can get in a shot. Remember, however, if you rush and miss the ball, to get back quickly on-side; if the ball is hit from behind you when you are standing close to the goal keeper when no one except her is between you and the goal, you will be given "off-side," since you are obstructing her.

Shoot hard from the edge of the circle and aim for a corner of the net. If you are close to the goal, flick the ball into a corner with a quick wrist shot. The push shot as described in Figures 6 and 7 of the previous article is useful and should be used for a "close-up" shot from left to right. It is almost impossible to stop it, and, since there is no swing of the stick, the goal keeper cannot see what you are going to do till the last moment.

PASSING. Look where you are passing. Never hit blindly in order to get rid of the ball; every stroke should be made with a purpose.

When forward passing to another player try to

send the ball forward diagonally, so that your fellow forward can take it on the run. (Diagram 1.) In passing from A to C the player A should pass a trifle farther forward than when passing to B, for the ball must travel across in front of C so that she can take it on her stick on the right-hand side and go straight on; on the other hand, B needs to be a little in front of a pass when she receives it from the right to take it comfortably, for she has to turn rather toward it and to turn her wrists. (Figure 2.) Thus, by the time the ball has arrived at point X, B or C will be there to receive it. If an opponent Z is standing between B and A, the pass should be sent along the dotted line (A i) as in Diagram 2 (not along the line A j). The reason is that by passing the ball behind the opposing Z (on line A i), who is facing you, you put it past her on the side where she is most nearly defenseless. By passing it along the line A j you virtually put it onto Z's stick; moreover, B has to stand still to take it instead of being able to take it on the run.

The same observation applies to a player on the right, but in that case, as you pass the ball on the stick side of the opponent, you must pass it straighter ahead or Z will intercept it. Of course in passing to either B or C, if you can draw Z by pretending to pass ahead so that she jumps toward you to intercept it, then you may be able to get a pass in, as in Diagram 3. Observe especially in the plays that at the moment the ball is hit B and C are a little behind A and are therefore on-side; they dash forward after the ball is hit.

PASSING OF HALVES AND BACKS. If you see that each of your forwards is closely marked by an opponent, do not hit straight at one of them in the hope that your side will get it. Instead do one of the following things:

1. Hit through between your forwards, who will dart ahead for the pass and gain on the opponent, since she has to turn first.

2. Run forward with the ball toward your right wing, turning your shoulder as if you were going to pass to her. If the half that is guarding the right inner comes to attack you, tap the ball smartly across to the left, to the unmarked right inner. (Diagram 4.) The same remark applies if the position is reversed. Run to the left, then "push shot" to the right. Even if the opposing half refuses to be drawn, you can often get a pass at a better angle for your forwards by dribbling the ball up a little.

When near your own goal always pass to the wings; when near your opponents' goal pass to the centre. Do not pass so hard that your forwards cannot catch the ball up; that is called "overhitting your forwards." Near your own goal, however, send a hard pass up to the wing, who should be lying well up the field (but not over the halfway line); this move opens up the game and relieves pressure round your goal. When passing to forwards in the circle pass toward the goal, not outward. Occasionally, if the opposing defense refuse to leave the forwards, it pays for the centre half to run through between her forwards and have a shot herself; then, the next time, since the defense will not dare to leave the centre half alone, some one will attack her and so leave a forward unmarked, to whom the half can pass the ball without its being blocked.

A centre half should always hover on the edge of the circle when the forwards are attacking and, if the ball comes, shoot immediately. Halves and backs should play together, passing to each other. If a half finds it awkward to get the ball to her forwards, she can tap it to a back or to a fellow half and let her pass it up instead. Often at the bulky a forward will tip the ball back to her half, who will pass it up again to one of the forwards. But it is not good practice to pass to a back or a half just in front of the goal, because if either of them misses the pass a goal for your opponents is almost inevitable.

DODGING. There are several ways of dodging:

1. Tap the ball to your right round the advancing opponent, run round to the left yourself and pick the ball up on the other side.

2. The right wing can pass to her inner and the inner out again across behind the opponent, or vice versa. (Diagram 5.)

3. Use the push stroke at the last moment. Go as close as possible to the opponent before you do it, so that the ball is past her before she has time to stop it. Another way is to draw the ball sharply across to your left just before you reach your opponent, jump quickly to the left yourself, turn the wrists so that the face of the stick is away from you and the toe pointing almost backward (Figure 2) and so push the ball back to position. The fault commonly made in this method is that a player instead of moving to the left so that the ball stays more or less on her right side tries to draw the ball back to position with the reverse stick. She frequently misses it and is likely to foul by presenting her right shoulder to the opponent and so obstruct her view of the ball. Another way of dodging is to turn your shoulders as if you were going to pass to the right; then when your opponent jumps that way to intercept the ball hit, not too hard, straight ahead and run on yourself, or hit it across your body to the forward on your left.

CHECKING. Checking is done mostly by halves and backs, though forwards have often to check a back or a goal keeper by rushing in to her. Tackle with your stick down. Run in with your stick outstretched near the ground, not high in the air; then, if a forward hits before you reach her, you can still intercept the pass; the ball may by accident even hit your stick and rebound in the direction you desire. It is illegal to tackle from a player's left side if in so doing you touch her before touching the ball or obstruct her in any way.

Figure 3 shows that the player in white, who has tackled from the left and missed the ball, is obstructing the forward. Figure 4 shows a perfectly legal tackle from the left. The all-black back has come in from the forward's left and, having taken the ball with her, has followed across without touching the forward or placing her body between the player and the ball.

Figure 5 shows another foul. The player in white at the left has got into an awkward position and in the act of stepping forward is obstructing the black player with her body, while her own team mate goes off with the ball.

It is a very serious foul for a player to turn her body between the ball and her opponent and thereby block the latter from free access to it.

When the player turns completely round it is called "turning on the ball."

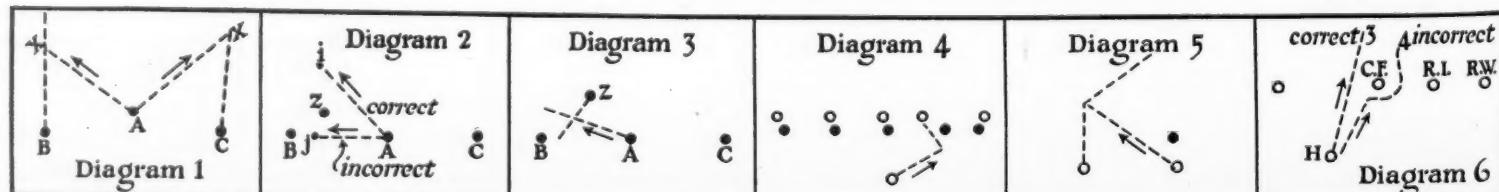
It is also a foul for a player to dribble the ball on her left side, so that she presents her right shoulder to the attacking player who is running beside her. To dribble the ball rather behind her on her right and so intercept her left shoulder between her opponent and the ball is a foul.

Forwards often foul by taking their passes incorrectly. In Diagram 6 the centre forward has turned her back on the way she was going, faced the half who is going to pass to her and when she received the pass turned right round with it, carrying the ball along the line H 4. Even if no one were near and if she were not actually fouling, she would lose many precious seconds. The correct method is indicated by line H 3. She should face the way she is going and turn just enough to see the half over her shoulder. She allows the pass to come up on her left side,—if necessary, stepping back for it,—and then, taking it on her stick, she can race straight off with it. In the same way she handles a pass from the right, when she must turn her wrists (as in Figure 2) so as to control the pass and prevent it from going right across her.

DEFENDING THE GOAL. It is important that the backs and halves keep out of the goal keeper's way. Do not run into goal unless the goal keeper has had to come out to attack an opponent. It is the duty of halves and backs to stop forwards from shooting, not to stop the shot. Thus the left half should mark the opposing right wing; the left back, the opposing right inner; the centre half, the centre forward; the right back, the opposing left inner; and the right half, the opposing left wing. The players, halves and backs, will be continually moving, and ready to co-operate with one another in leaving no opponent unmarked. If the left half misses the ball and is left behind by the right wing who goes on with it, then the left back must go out and tackle the right wing, and the left half must go straight to the right inner, who is unmarked by the left back.

The duties of the goal keeper were fully explained in the earlier article. Stop the ball with your feet, if possible with both feet together, and clear with your stick hard to the side, parallel with the back line. Kick the ball only if there is no time to stop and clear and if the ground is too bumpy to risk a flying shot with your stick. Do not clear up the middle of the ground or hit over the back line unless you are very hard pressed, for a penalty bully is imposed for that offense. Never stop a ball last hit by an opponent if it is going over the back line; let it go. If you have to come out of goal to attack a forward who has got away from the rest of the defense, do it without hesitation. Go straight at her, and stop the ball with your feet if possible; then, having cleared the ball, get back to goal as soon as possible with your face to the foe all the time. A goal keeper lost her chance of her international colors because when she ran out she did not get back quickly; and once as she ran back some one shot a goal while her back was turned.

Take care not to foul; if you do it deliberately or save an almost certain goal by doing it, a penalty bully, which nearly always results in a goal, will be imposed upon you. In a certain big match a year ago the goal keeper fell down, sat on the ball and refused to get up because the forwards were standing round waiting to push the ball in. As she was willfully obstructing the forwards, a penalty bully was imposed and the outcome was that the other side made a goal.





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EGYPTIAN APPLIQUÉ PATCHWORK



AFTER thousands of years interest in Egyptian patchwork has revived. A longer stretch of time before a style has returned would be hard to find. The renewal of interest in things Egyptian is owing, of course, to the recent excavations.

That the Egyptians were versed in the art of staining—or dyeing, as we call it—and that they regarded themselves as the inventors of weaving strengthen our belief that patchwork originated in the country of the Nile, for the use of both dyes and woven materials is essential to patch-work.

Another thing that seems to show that applied patchwork originated in Egypt is that the earliest examples of the work now in existence are Egyptian. A garment (date uncertain) shaped something like an apron indicates that patchwork was at an early date used as decoration for apparel; its rows of asps and the lion's head prove that it belonged to royalty. The first specimen of patchwork of a fairly definite date (about 1000 B.C.) is a stained skin ornamented with varicolored bits of other stained skins in a handsome and elaborate design. It is in the museum at Cairo, and it is the canopy of the Egyptian queen whose father-in-law, Shishak, besieged and took Jerusalem not long after the death of King Solomon.

The patchwork was first used for tent hangings, and it can be adapted now in a modified form to modern interior decoration. The spirit of the Egyptian work should be kept, and Egyptian motifs should be adapted, but the imitation should not be slavish. Care should be taken to have the historic ornaments correct. For example, the lotus must stand majestically erect, or it will resemble the Persian and Mongolian types. The human figure should follow the characteristic Egyptian pose, with the front view of the torso and with a side view of the arms, legs and head.

Old applied patchwork was so full of symbolism that it gained the name of "thought work." It not only presents a picture but tells a tale in outline—in flashes of thought rather than in flowing narrative. An examination of the illustration from a genuine bit of Egyptian patchwork will show you what is meant. Its "thought" is the worship of Isis. We see the tops of three pyramids—in pink. The asp, stretched at full length on the green grass, is a seal of royalty, and so is the frame, which rests on a lotus flower and is upheld by kneeling slaves. Isis is privileged to carry the lotus in her hands, an honor conferred on few even of the saints. The union of upper and lower Egypt is indicated by the crudely fashioned headdresses of the kneeling slaves. Scarcely less crude is the vulture headdress, indicative of maternal protection, that crowns the head of Isis. The frame is in the symbolic form of Ra, the sun god. The border round the square is perhaps the earliest of the Egyptian bindings. The sections, broken by smaller crossbars, are reputed to represent the binding together of papyrus stems and stalks. It is well to edge modern replicas of classic Egyptian patchwork with this border, for it lends itself particularly well to patchwork.

Other motifs, such as the scarab, can be used in the work. The scarab represents creation, life and resurrection. The winged globe so often seen symbolizes the relation of the body and the spirit. Since the wings are those of the vulture, it also symbolizes protection. The lion, significant of strength, stands for kingly power, and so is often seen pictured by the side of a monarch.

Virtually the same materials that the early Egyptians used can be used today. For example, a round-thread, hand-woven linen in natural color is correct for the foundation fabric, though linen crash toweling in heavy weight or linen homespun can be used in place of it. Any of them should be tight woven and firm. The huge linen bags in which beans, and so forth, are imported into this country are just the thing for foundations and can be got from some grocers for a few cents apiece. When thoroughly cleansed by washing in many waters and then dried and ironed the heaviest bags have the right color and texture. As they measure more than a yard square when the one side seam and the bottom seam are ripped, they make good-sized hangings, table covers, and so forth. They can also be cut into smaller lengths for hangings and tops and covers for sofa cushions.

The applied patches are of light-weight cotton cloth of much the same grade as Turkey red. If you cannot get such cloth in suitable colors, you can dye ordinary white cotton cloth or use substitutes such as chambray or even thin linen about the weight of handkerchief linen.

Designs are not difficult to get. There are numerous transfer patterns of Egyptian motifs, and you can trace or copy designs from books on Egyptian art or from magazines or newspapers that have recently pictured many Egyptian things. A single large scarab is not infrequently the sole ornament used on a cushion cover. It can be



Egyptian
"thought work"
fills the space



weight as found by the formula $(28 \times 28 \times 49.5 \div 800)$ was 48½ pounds; by scales it was 48 pounds.

A trout that took a first prize was 24 inches long and 14½ inches in girth. It was reported as weighing 7 pounds; the formula gives 6½ pounds. In the rainbow trout class a first prize went to a fish that actually weighed 13¾ pounds and that was 33 inches in length and 18 inches in greatest girth. The formula gives a weight of 13 pounds and 6 ounces.

Even in the case of comparatively small fish that are symmetrical the formula gives fairly accurate results. For example, a brook trout that was 15½ inches in length and 11 inches in girth weighed 2½ pounds. The formula gives a weight of 2 pounds and 6 ounces.

MARKETING

XIV. How the Shipper May Protect Himself

EVEN if everyone were honest, there would still be need of standards of quality and quantity on which to base the selling and buying agreements that make up marketing. But unfortunately not all men are honest, and it sometimes happens that two well-meaning men disagree so much about whether or not a business contract has been fulfilled that only a judge and a jury can settle their quarrel.

A large proportion of all the disagreements that come before the courts might have been prevented altogether had those concerned tried in the beginning to be entirely fair. But the produce shipper was careless and allowed produce of poor quality to go into his shipment. The buyer set that down as evidence of an attempt to defraud and refused the shipment altogether, or else offered a much lower price than the shipper felt was just. That is the story of the beginning of many a lawsuit. And the trickster, the man who is attempting to live off others, is quick to seize the opportunity offered when a shipper does not know the value of the produce he is shipping and does not demand fair and full payment for it.

So the use of market standards, both of size and of quality, is of the first importance in protecting yourself against unfair dealing. Here are a few general rules that hold good for all kinds of farm produce:

Grade fairly up to and a little above the required market standard.

Pack your shipment in even-sized containers, and, if in bulk, put but one grade in a shipment.

For good produce use new containers. Tag or stamp each container with the name of the shipper, the kind of produce, the quality and the net weight of the container.

Use care in making out the bill of lading. See that it gives the amount, value and distinguishing marks of the shipment.

Retain a copy of the bill of lading and copies of all letters sent or received concerning the transaction.

Be sure to keep all envelopes that contain business letters. Without the envelope you cannot prove that a letter has passed through the United States mails, and such proof is necessary in order to establish fraudulent use of the mails—one of the most effective weapons against the shyster dealer.

If your produce is moving to a market where there is either national or state inspection, demand, both in the letter in which you say that the shipment is on its way and in the bill of lading, that such inspection be called for unless the produce is found to be of the grade and condition that you said it was.

And be sure to ship only to concerns that you know, and that have a reputation for fair dealing and prompt settlement of all claims.

In case of trouble assemble all your papers that deal with the transaction, swear before a notary to a statement of the facts as you know them and, if you have a state official charged with the duty of investigating complaints, forward the papers to him together with a request for a report on the facts. If you are not protected in that way, go to your own lawyer and act on his advice.

In nearly all the states of the Union dealers who handle the chief farm commodities, such as grain and live stock, are licensed and bonded, but in many of the states dealers in poultry, eggs, farm produce, wool, and so forth, are not under regulation. In the State of Minnesota all dealers are required by law to accept the statement of the shipper as to quantity and quality or else to prove the contrary by a state inspection. That is rapidly doing away with the old-time practice of beating down the price to the shipper or of rejecting shipments that have been made on contract of sale, and that on delivery are up to the standard set in the sales agreement.

Other states either have or are trying to get similar legislation that will punish with a strong hand the unfair practices of the dishonest dealer. The farmer or country dealer who sets himself to the task of learning what his market requires can be reasonably sure of a square deal.

of your room. For example, the lotus, asp, scarab, lion, and so forth, may be green, old rose, mauve, in pastel tones or Peasant colors; in fact, any shade that fits the color scheme of the room. Materials can be cotton or silk, linen or wool, sheer or heavy, coarse or fine. Motifs can be of a lighter-weight material or heavier than the fabric to which they are appliquéd. Do not hesitate to use embroidery in outline stitch with the patchwork, for that is quite in keeping with Egyptian work articles.

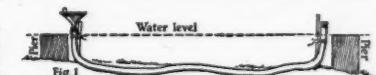
Similar articles are made in Egypt today by the natives and are for the most part faithful copies of scenes taken from the walls of tombs or temples. In many instances the colors are identical and the hieroglyphics exact. Tourists find this patchwork irresistible, and many examples are finding their way into this country. The square shown is a semi-modern piece brought from Egypt and is used by the writer as a hanging over a mantelpiece.

To make one like it use for the background a heavy round-thread linen in natural color. Cut the motifs out of dyed cotton cloth or a similar fabric. Turn in and baste the edges. Arrange the motifs on the background and baste them into position. Sew them to the foundation with long stitches. Stems and all fine lines should be worked in outline stitch with dull-finished coarse cotton thread. Form a border of narrow strips of material interrupted with very narrow cross-pieces of darker material. Put a binding round the raw edges.

As the Egyptians used plenty of color in their patchwork, it is justifiable to do it now. Nevertheless the shades ought to be chosen with care, for there is a definiteness about Egyptian coloring that is characteristic. Avoid pastel tones and neutral shades. Crude reds, blues and yellows, mahogany, shades of brown from tan to seal, raw pinks, grays, and so forth, are all suitable and should be chosen for their decorative value without regard to whether they are natural. In the hanging that is shown the pyramids are pink, the face of Isis is tan and the slaves are of mahogany color. The vulture's body is olive green, but the drooping wing is of mahogany color crossed with gray stripes to indicate feathers. If the colors to be used are faded, so much the better; they give a look of age to the work.

Modernized Egyptian patchwork represents the spirit of the country and its art in form only; you may use any colors that suit the color scheme

I WANTED to set some pillars for a shed, writes a reader of the Family Page, and I did not have a level. I did, however, have a garden hose, which I used with entirely satisfactory results in the way shown in the illustration. The distance between the points that I



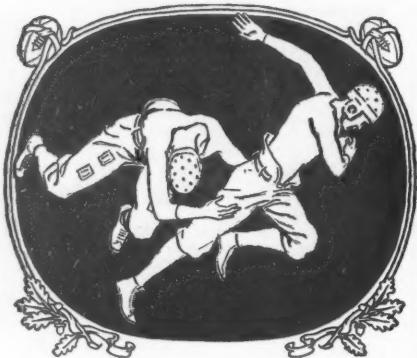
wished to level with each other was limited only by the length of the hose. The only thing I had to be careful about was to see that no part of the hose was higher than the level of the water at either end.

FINDING THE WEIGHT OF FISH BY MEASURING THEM

IN a camp where there are no scales at hand to weigh the prize some one is sure to catch a big fish. Here is a simple formula for determining the weight of a fish from its length and its greatest girth in inches: Square the girth in inches; multiply the result by the length in inches and divide the product by 800.

For large sea fish, like the tarpon, that are symmetrical in form the rule gives a close approximation to the exact weight, and indeed for symmetrical fish of any kind the formula is accurate enough to be useful. The following examples of its accuracy are taken from the records of fish entered in the fishing contests of a sporting magazine:

A striped bass that took a first prize was 49½ inches long and 28 inches in greatest girth. The



FOOTBALL IN 1923

upon the defense. For even without passes and crisscrosses, which possibly might be inadvisable to attempt in such a position on the field, that offensive formation now offers the threats of a centre thrust, a wide end run and a kick. To defend against both the thrust on either side of centre and the wide end run on either side the defensive line must spread. In so spreading the defensive tackles and ends place themselves too far away from the kicker to block a punt. That leaves the defensive centre and guards for this work, and the offense has five players in position to block those three.

Moreover, the offensive tackles and ends, all four, are at liberty to start down the field with the snap of the ball to cover the kick, and, starting from their wide-apart positions, they protect the field from side line to side line.

On the second and third downs the spread formation threatens the defense in the same way as on the first. When it comes to the fourth down it is not good policy to be in possession of the ball deep in your own territory whatever the formation. The reason of course is that then the enemy feels free to bend every effort to block the kick that must be forthcoming. And when the home team on its own thirty-yard line waited until the fourth down to kick and then opened up large inviting holes in the line no one can blame the visitors for walking through and over.

A little study of the spread formation and its possibilities shows the failure in that particular instance to have been owing to the quarter back and not the formation.

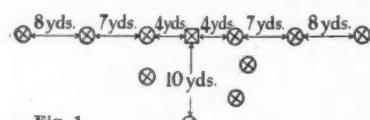
We must not, however, blame too much the quarter back on the home team for selecting the right play at the wrong time. He had other matters to consider. His choice was made from six different formations with about ten plays in each. With sixty plays and signals to keep in mind he doubtless forgot about the down, the distance to go and the position on the field.

The quarter back would probably have been amazed to watch one of the four unbeaten college teams play through the season of 1922 without using more than six running plays, three passes and a kick.

Without doubt, a big, heavy team can limit itself to few plays and rely upon power and precision, whereas the lighter eleven needs more tricks. Still, consider the fact that against every offensive formation there are many possible variations of defense. The offense must be aware of the possible variations and master the most likely of them. In any particular play the more thoroughly the offense is prepared to meet the possible variations of the defense the stronger

LATE in the fall of 1922 a school team from the West journeyed East to play a post-season game of football. The invaders had an enviable record, were exceptionally big and strong for schoolboys and were very confident of victory. The home team stood high in its local school league and, though lighter and less experienced than their opponents, took the field resolved to rely for success on speed and courage.

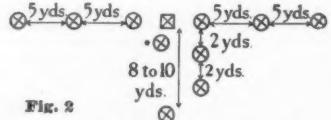
Early in the game the home team found itself in possession of the ball on its own thirty-yard line, on the fourth down with five yards to go.



Shifting from a compact formation, it took an open or spread formation with linemen as far apart as indicated in Fig. 1.

The quarter called the signal. The centre snapped the ball to the back ten yards directly behind. The back attempted a punt. The enemy broke through, blocked the punt, picked up the bounding ball and ran for a touchdown.

Once again, in the second half, the home team in possession of the ball deep in its own territory

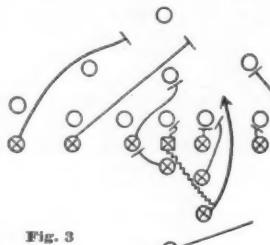


The quarter back takes his position right under the centre, prepared to step aside to make way for a long direct pass to the second man in tandem or to the full back

on the fourth down assumed that spread formation and attempted to kick. Once again the invaders blocked the kick and scored.

Those two touchdowns won the game for the visiting team. As the crowd of disappointed local supporters jammed through the exits the general comment arose, "Any team foolish enough to try to kick from behind a line with holes a mile wide in it deserves to get licked."

If those same football enthusiasts could have seen half a dozen of the best college teams in the country kicking from virtually the same formation throughout the season of 1922 with never a blocked punt, they would have amended their comment by saying, "Any team foolish enough to try to kick from such a formation when it must kick deserves to be beaten"; for with the proper and timely assortment of kicks, runs and passes the so-called open or spread or



split formation illustrated in Fig. 1 not only affords a fast, light team the opportunity to get its runners through a heavier opponent but gives ample protection to the kicker as well.

If in this particular post-season game the home team had assumed the spread formation on the first down on its twenty-five-yard line, the burden would have been put immediately

that play is. The more plays the offense has to learn the less competently can it manage the varying details of any one of them; and so, although a light team needs more variety of attack than its more powerful opponent needs, there is a limit to the number of plays it can effectively handle.

Viewed in the light of actual results, the eleven that spends its time trying to learn half a hundred plays rarely finds itself in possession of the ball long enough to use a fifth of them. It devotes most of a Saturday afternoon to trying to stop the onward march of the team that has mastered half a dozen plays.

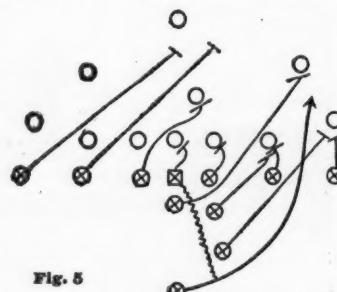
Teams likely to be pitted against heavier elevens will do well to consider a spread formation. The formation shown in Fig. 2 is simple, and the plays from it, shown in Figs. 3, 4, 5, 6 and 7, are not at all complicated. Its great strength lies in its ever-present threat of run, pass or kick to a defense necessarily weakened against any one threat in order to try to protect itself against all three.

These plays can all run to the left as well as to the right, either with or without a shift in the back-field strength. They are not offered as the best that could be made from the given formation, nor is the formation offered as the best possible spread formation to employ; but

a study of the diagrams should suggest something of value to an eleven of lightness and speed, at least one player of which can kick, pass and run.

A POSER FOR MOST FOLK

SIMPLE problems are often curiously puzzling. The one here described is not so easy to solve as it seems. It requires a number of small objects, such as beans or pebbles, that can easily be concealed in the hand. There need be no fixed number, but for the purpose of illustration let it be 45, of which the first player has 35 and another player the rest. The second player conceals any number of the objects he holds, and the first player says, "I have as many as



you have concealed, enough more to make yours 23, and 12 left over." Upon the second player's disclosing the number of objects that he has in his hand, the first player will be found, upon having matched them and added enough to make 23, to have 12 left, as he said he would have.

The two numbers—here 23 and 12—are found as follows: the first may be any number taken at random, provided only it is more than the second player has, and less than the first player has; and then the second is found by subtracting the number just chosen at random from the number the first player has.

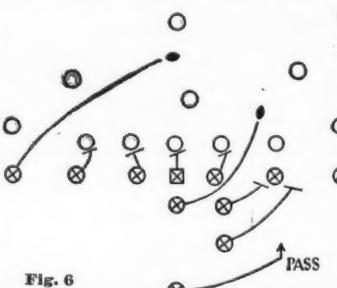
The puzzle lies in the fact that most folk get it fixed in mind that the game hinges on the first player's guessing correctly the number of objects that the second player has concealed, whereas it hinges on the fact that the first number named by the first player is large enough to be well above the total number that the second player holds.

There are several combinations of this puzzle. In working them out it is to be remembered that for the sake of safety the specific number first given must, as we say, be above the total number known to be held by the second player, who must not of course add to the number of his objects. The farther the first number given is above the number that the second player holds the greater will be the bewilderment.

A CORNET PAYS THE WAY

HOW shall I ever get the money to go to college?" A band leader near Boston makes a suggestion that may help some boys to answer the question: About the time you enter high school begin the study of some musical instrument with the object of eventually earning money for your college course, but without forgetting that it is a "side line."

The cornet is in constant demand both in bands and in orchestras and does not require so much study or practice as the violin, the flute,



the clarinet or the piano. Almost any boy with a fair musical ear and ordinary lips and front teeth can under a good instructor learn to play

the cornet well enough to get paying engagements. The large prices that professional musicians charge in the large cities have given the amateur his chance.

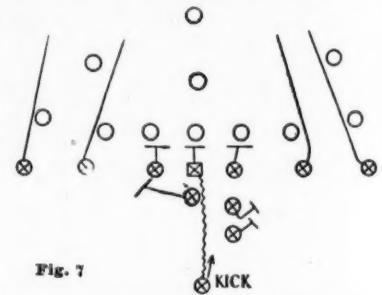
Having decided on the cornet, consult a professional teacher. Let him choose your instrument. Do not go to pawn shops for bargains. You should know the past history of an instrument that you apply to your lips. It is possible to buy a good second-hand cornet for forty or fifty dollars.

Many teachers charge only a dollar for an hour's lesson. By studying with a professional you will acquire routine playing as well as the technicalities of the instrument. Be governed by the instructions of your teacher. He will tell you to practice an hour a day, never to play when your lips are tired and to confine your playing to the studies that he gives you. Do not attempt solos or playing in public till you are qualified.

About the second year in high school, if your teacher approves, ally yourself with a local orchestra and get experience in a minor part. As you continue to improve you will have chances to rehearse and play with amateur bands and orchestras and eventually to be considered for paying engagements. Do not attempt steady engagements that will interfere with your studies.

When you enter college join the student band. It will not only help your music but give you the opportunity to see all the games, go on all the trips and have the best seats in the cheering section. Should your college be near a large city, many professional engagements will be open to you, but take only those that will not interfere with your regular work.

In and round Boston there are many doctors, lawyers and other professional men who by music have paid their way through Harvard,



Technology, Tufts or some other college and afterwards supported themselves until they had a practice.

Besides helping you financially playing the cornet will increase your lung capacity and improve your general health, and you will have become a musician, able to understand and enjoy good music for the rest of your life.

SOME FUN WITH A BROOM

IF you want to have some fun at your own expense, borrow your mother's broom and go out into the yard where the grass is long or the ground is soft and proceed as follows: Cross your legs and, holding the straw end of the broom in your hand to keep it upright, place the end of the broom handle on the toe of the foot that is in the rear. Take three steps forward, then kick hard with the foot on which the broom rests to see how far you can throw the broom. At the first attempt you will sit down so suddenly that you won't have time to watch the broom, but with a little practice you can do the trick. Just raise your foot high when you kick, and bend the leg that is ahead slightly forward at the knee, so that it will not be knocked from under you. After you have mastered the trick, show your friends how easy it is, then ask them to try it. The fun you will have will repay you for the

Can you guess these tracks?

Study this carefully and see if you can discover what animal has made these tracks. The answer will appear in the September issue of this magazine.

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falls that you had while you were learning. But don't ask anyone to try it on a sidewalk or a floor where the tumble might be painful.

Another amusing trick is to place the broom on the ground in front of you, then bend over and grasp the toes of your shoes with your finger tips. Now try to jump over the broom handle without letting go with your fingers. The only way to do it is to lift your feet high when you jump; and take care not to straighten your body from the waist up. The trick is even harder to do backward.

The broom will also tell you how strong your grip is, though you will need some one to help you. You and your helper should stand facing each other, grasping the broom handle between you and using both hands. Now raise the broom high over your head, close your hands as tight as you can, and try to bring the broom down to a level with your waist. It will not come down until one of you loosens his grip. The one that holds on longest is of course the winner.

Here is another hard one that calls for some athletic ability. Place the end of the broom handle firmly on the ground and press it in a little so that it cannot slip. Now grasp the handle firmly with both hands, the lower one being about eighteen inches from the ground and the other even with your waist. The trick is to bend down, put your head under—not over—the lower hand, follow through with your shoulders, and regain your upright position without losing your balance. Nothing but practice will enable you to do it, but as your skill increases you will find that you can go lower and lower with your hands until they almost reach the ground. A good way to begin is to place both hands in the middle of the broomstick until you learn the trick.

• •

LITTLE THINGS COUNT

BOYS sometimes worry when their teachers or employers make so much ado about things that seem to the boys to be mere trifles; but little things are frequently not trifles, and sometimes at the unexpected moment they really count for a great deal.

There is a young man named Carpenter who is a clerk in a drug store in a certain small town. His appearance is unusually prepossessing, for he is tall, erect, has a good figure and an expression of candor that invites confidence. He also bears an excellent character and is just the sort of fellow that a stranger would naturally "take to."

Indeed, one day a stranger did take to him—a certain Mr. Sawyer, who owns a large drug store in a considerable city and who at the time was "scouting" for a new clerk. As soon as he entered the store and saw young Carpenter he was greatly pleased with him and thought: "Maybe this is the man I want." So he made a little purchase by way of beginning an acquaintance—a small box of candy, which, having a well-defined shape, was as easy to wrap as anything could possibly be. But by the time Carpenter handed the package to the customer Mr. Sawyer had dismissed him as a possibility, and Carpenter never knew that in those few moments he had stood an important examination and had failed.

Mr. Sawyer described the incident to a friend with whom he took dinner that evening. "What I bought," he said, "was one of the easiest parcels to wrap—an oblong box. If I had been buying flaxseed, for example, that would have been much more difficult to wrap neat and tight. But he used about fifty per cent more paper than he needed, which may seem a trifle but in a large business would be a bad leak; and in the next place he didn't wrap the parcel in the right way, which again is a small thing but something an up-and-coming clerk should know. If I had taken the string from that parcel and tossed the parcel on the floor, the box would have flown out of the paper, whereas, if he had wrapped it properly it wouldn't."

According to the wise man, it was the little foxes that spoiled the vines; and in this case the two little foxes of wastefulness and the slovenly performance of a common act spoiled the vine of Carpenter's prospects.

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A Simple Spark Transmitter

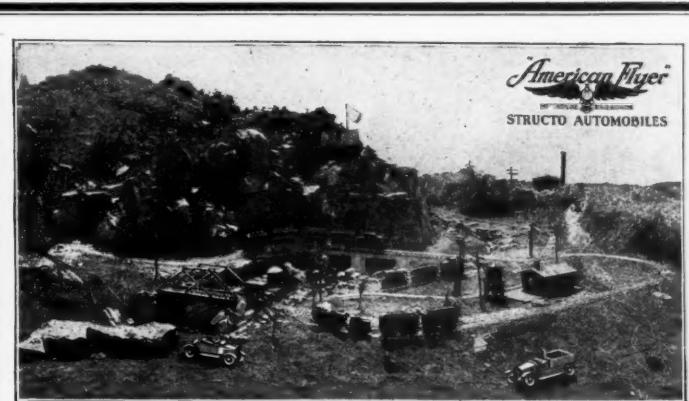
It is in the Boys' Page for September

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A PIAZZA TRICK

ASK a friend to stand about eighteen inches from the wall of the house, with his side toward the wall and his arms relaxed. Then let him contract the muscles of the arm next the wall, and move the arm away from his body until the back of his hand comes in contact with the wall. He must stand still and press the back of his hand against the wall as hard as possible for about fifteen seconds. Then ask him to relax the arm, step away from the wall and stand still a moment. To his astonishment his arm will slowly rise, without voluntary effort, until it reaches nearly a horizontal position, will remain there for a few seconds and then fall back to his side. While the movement is taking place he will have the sensation of feeling that some outside force is raising his arm.

Do not tell him what to expect, for he might think that the movement of his arm was the result of "suggestion," whereas the phenomenon is purely physiological.



BACKYARD RAILROADING

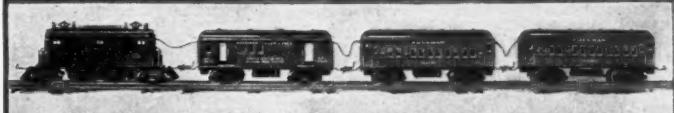
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INTERNATIONAL NEWS SERVICE



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POSTPONING OLD AGE

OLD age is as inevitable as death and taxes. But the term "old age" is elastic; some persons are old at fifty years; some are young at eighty. A witty Frenchman said once that a man is as old as his arteries, which is partly true, since the condition of the arteries is a pretty fair indication of the state of the other tissues and organs.

Many physicians believe that the degenerative changes that are characteristic of old age begin in the arteries and appear later in the other tissues as a consequence of the diminished supply of blood and of impure blood. One theory is that the arterial thickening and hardening invariably found in the aged (the aged as measured by diminished function and not by years) are owing to auto-intoxication acting through many years; the poisons in the blood cause degenerative changes in the walls of the arteries. Another theory is that senility depends on changes in the cells and tissues caused by a principle in them that leads in early life to growth and in later life to decay. But whatever the theories, and there are many of them, they all lead to the same conclusion; depending in the case of one person on an inherited constitution and in the case of another on the mode of life he has followed, the period at which old age begins varies within wide limits, and, barring an inexorable inheritance, the individual can do much to postpone it. Unfortunately, the time to begin is early adult life, just when old age seems so remote as to be negligible.

The secret of postponing old age lies in observing temperance in the broad sense of the word—moderation in everything: in eating, in coffee drinking and tea drinking, in sleeping, in exercising, in working and indeed in every phase of human existence. Athletes are not long-lived; neither are those who are too strenuous in business, nor those who worry. The obese are usually short-lived for the reason that they are likely to be heavy eaters or to have defective nutritive organs. Breathing fresh air day and night and walking moderately without missing a day are essential to long life, as they are essential to health.

JOHN'S EYEGLASSES

A MAN and his wife on their way to keep a dinner engagement recently boarded a Fifth Avenue bus at Ninety-sixth Street and took seats on top. The man, says Mr. Paul A. Meyrowitz in the American Magazine, was wearing eyeglasses attached to a silk cord that was fastened in the lapel of his coat. In the neighborhood of Sixty-fifth Street he drew his wife's attention to a flowering shrub in the park, and as he did so his eyeglasses flew from his face. "Now, what do you think of that?" he exclaimed. "I've lost my glasses!"

His wife looked at him reproachfully. "How could you be so careless, John?" she demanded. "If you would only tie the cord in your button-hole more securely, the wind couldn't possibly blow them away."

"I wasn't careless," replied John, "and the cord was fastened. I believe it must have caught on an overhanging branch of the tree we were passing under; I felt a yank. Maybe if we went back to look we could find them."

"Nonsense, dear," said his wife. "They're broken anyhow, and you'd only make us late to dinner."

One of the topics at the dinner table that evening was the loss of John's glasses. Had the wind blown them away? Probably it had. It wasn't likely that they had caught in the tree; everyone laughed at John when he said they had.

That evening the two returned home as they had come, on top of a bus. A little below Sixty-fifth Street John said to his wife, "Please watch now, dear, and I'll show you the tree I think we were under when I lost my glasses. See! That's the tree! Are you looking? See how low the branch is! And there—why, there are my glasses hanging by the cord! The electric light's shining on them as plain as anything!"

With that John made a dive down the stairs. His wife called after him that he was silly to think of climbing the tree, but John had a better idea than that. He explained to the conductor and the motorman what he wanted. Then they backed

the bus under the tree, and John exultantly plucked his eyeglasses off the limb.

"My dear," he said to his wife. "I don't know which pleases me more, recovering my glasses or having my veracity vindicated. Please observe that I am now fastening this cord to my lapel securely."

SARAH WAS NOT ABOVE A JOKE—NOW AND THEN

IN My Life and Some Letters Mrs. Patrick Campbell tells some amusing stories of her professional experiences with the great French actress Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, who has so recently died.

Some members of her company, she says, indiscreetly told me that Madame Sarah had never been known to make fun or laugh on the stage. In a tobacconist's shop I saw a tobacco pouch made in the shape of a fish and painted to represent one. I bought it, took it to the theatre and tied it down to a bit of canvas at the bottom of the fountain that occupied the centre of the stage in the play we were then presenting. At the performance, when Sarah came to the second act and stood by the fontaine des aveugles, she spied the fish and began improvising about *les poissons là*. She stooped gracefully over the edge to take the fish out; as it was tied she nearly lost her balance. But she went on calmly with her part. I could not help laughing, though it spoiled my lovely little scene.

When the curtain fell Sarah did not allude to what had happened; neither did I. The next day when we had lunched together she had a strange, preoccupied expression on her face. Later, at the matinée, when we came to a scene where she tenderly takes my hand and helps me over some rocks she took hold of my hand hard—squash! She held a raw egg in hers!

OLD ZACK TAKES THE CAKE

OLD Zack lived on a farm on the "eastern shoo," where the staff of life is not bread but corn pone made of Indian meal. Recently when he came to the city the first person he visited was his Aunt Susan, who is well-to-do. Though the old lady keeps a servant, her custom is to have all the food, including the dessert, put upon the table before sitting down to eat. That evening the dessert was sliced peaches and a plate of rich poundcake of her own baking.

Zack, who was sitting right in front of the cake, helped himself the first thing to a slice of it, spread it thick with butter and ate it. Then he ate another piece and, to the discomfiture of his aunt, ate a third and a fourth piece.

Aunt Susan of course did not want to hurt the feelings of her guest, but she realized that unless she did something quickly there would be no cake left to go with the peaches. Finally in desperation she passed the bread to him. "Zack," she said, "why don't you try some of this nice wheat bread?"

Zack waved the plate away and reached for another slice of cake. "No, thankee, Aunt Susan," he replied; "yaller pone is plenty good enough for me!"

THE LITTLE BOOK'S SHIRT

THE study of languages, especially "primitive" languages, is always interesting. The philologist frequently meets with odd and sometimes amusing turns in his translations. For example, one tribe of Indians who designate a letter as "a little book" (*mus-en-ha-gen-iss*) call an envelope "*mus-en-ha-gen-iss-mus-kit-e-san-ha-gen-iss*," which means literally "the little book's shirt." Doubtless the name was given after the Indians had seen a letter folded and slipped into its white envelope as a man slips into his shirt.

Sometimes a thought that would seem to be universal loses its meaning when translated into a primitive tongue. In the Lord's Prayer, a prayer intended for all mankind, there is the petition, "Give us this day our daily bread." To us the thought is one that we should expect to be clear to every understanding person, but to many tribes and peoples it needs careful explanation; for the vast majority of mankind are born, live and die without seeing so much as a crumb of bread. The Cree Indian translation of the words shows a keen insight into their meaning; it is, "Give us this day something to keep us in life." Could the thought be more justly expressed?

ACTIONS SPEAK LOUDER THAN WORDS

"WELL, son, is the boss in?" asked the visitor.

The office boy, says the Los Angeles Times, with his chair tilted back and his legs stretched out on his desk, looked at the caller but made no reply.

"I asked if the boss is in," said the visitor.

The office boy glanced at him but remained silent.

"Didn't you hear me?" the visitor demanded sharply.

"Of course I heard you," answered the boy.

"Then why don't you answer my question? Is the boss in or not?"

"Now I ask you," retorted the boy as he crossed his legs on the desk, "does it look like it?"

Tastes better out of the "Krinkly Bottle"



Then Mother Brought Us —Ice-Cold Ward's Orange-Crush

Bill had the car. Too hot for "movies." Nothing to do but sit around and be thirsty, until Mother told us to close our eyes and she'd cool us off. Then she handed each one something cold. You could hear it fizz. Anyone could tell that taste, Ward's Orange-Crush, sure enough! We'd stay home any time for a drink like that. I guess Mother knows what we like. She says Ward's "Crushes," Orange, Lemon and Lime flavors, are wholesome and good. At any rate, she gets them by the case and lets us drink as much as we like.

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